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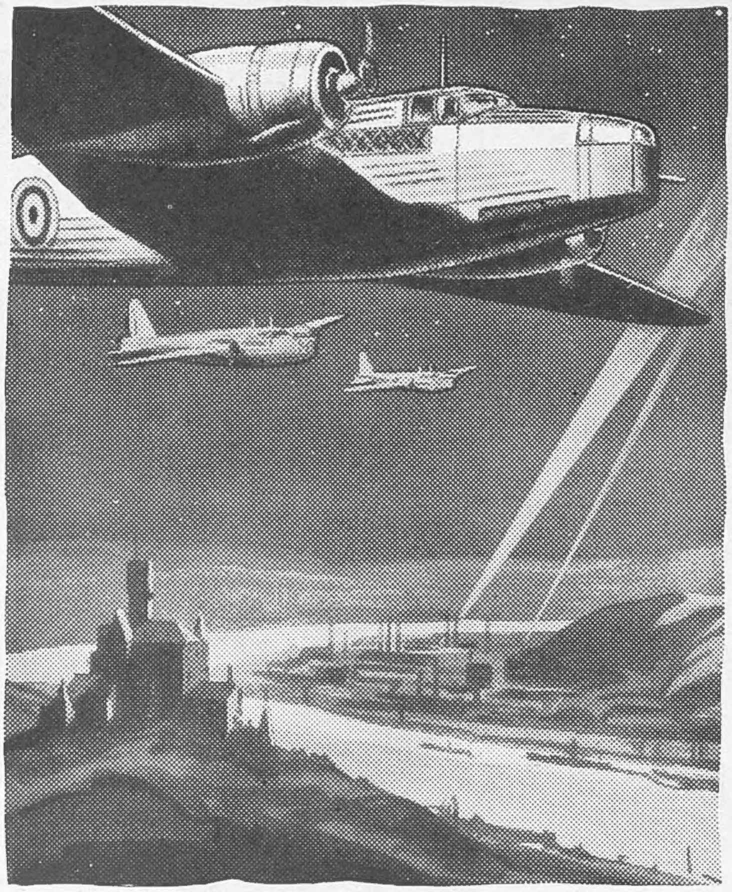

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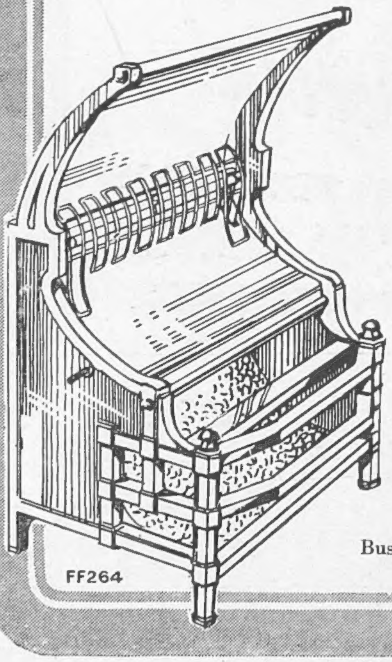

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The Sketch

No. 2506 — Vol. CXCIII. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1941. ONE SHILLING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STUDIO LISA.

OUR TWO ROYAL ELIZABETHS.

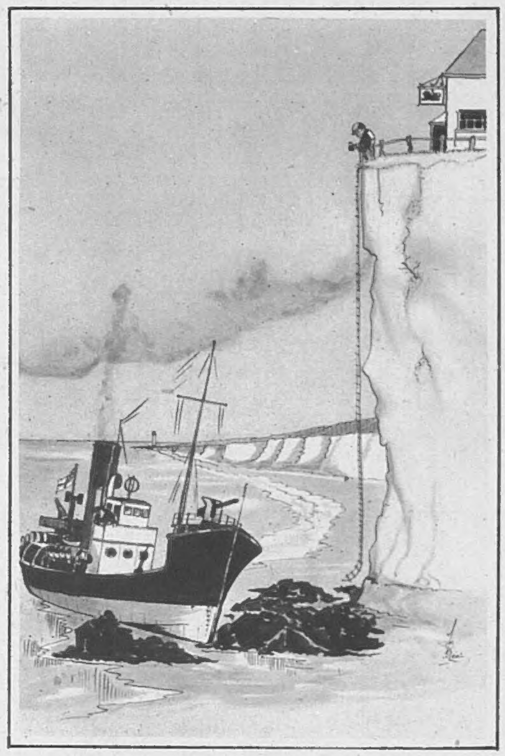
This new portrait of HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN *with her elder daughter,* H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH, *heir-presumptive to the Throne, shows how nearly of a height they now are. The Princess, who is fourteen years of age, and will celebrate her fifteenth birthday on April 21, is growing into a tall, slender girl with a smile which recalls that of her mother. When their Majesties recently visited an R.A.F. station they took their daughters with them, and Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret climbed aboard a Hudson bomber of the R.A.F. Coastal Command.*

A

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Ungodly Cleanliness. Once upon a time (to be precise, in the seventh century), there was in Alexandria the most famous library in the world, bursting with every kind of literature and learning. Alexandria, stronghold of Greek and Roman culture, fell before an Arab invader. Some of the victorious officers had evidently been looking forward, after the rigours of campaigning, to the amenities of the celebrated Alexandrian baths, and they were annoyed to find that there was a shortage of fuel. Somebody—surely it must have been a highly-placed Staff Officer?—had a bright idea: why not use all those millions of volumes of stupid, useless, high-brow stuff to feed the furnaces? The matter was referred to the C.-in-C. himself. His name was Amr. His judgment was, as usual, quick and shrewd. If, he said, all these tomes and manuscripts denied the truth of the Koran, then they were wicked and heretical, and ought to be burned. If, on the other hand, they upheld the truth of the Koran, then they were unnecessary, since they merely stated what everybody knew already, and they might just as well be destroyed. And so the most priceless collection of books in the world was reduced to ashes, and much of ancient literature was lost for ever—and let us hope that the Army of Occupation enjoyed its nice, warm baths. An infidel posterity, however, has considered that this was a cleanliness far remote from godliness.



"Usual leave till high water, Sir?"
DRAWN BY T. S. LEE.

The Lost Five Million. However, the Caliph's General did get some value out of the incinerated books; if he had dropped a few incendiary bombs on the library, he would have got no value at all, except, perhaps, the pleasure which the Emperor Nero seems to have derived from fireworks. In the Second Fire of London, it is said that five million books perished. It would be too much to say that none of them could be spared, and I dare say the Führer would be of opinion that, since few of them upheld the truth of the Koran of Nazi-ism, most of them could be spared. (But how awful if any copies of "Mein Kampf" were among them!) But all of them were, in their kind and degree, fruits of intelligence and imagination and knowledge, and not one could be rated, by any stretch of sophistry, as a "military objective." But the insatiable god, exalted by the same worshippers, which made fireworks of the libraries of Alexandria and Louvain, devoured them with one snap of the jaws. If anything were needed to illustrate the senselessness of modern war, surely it is this vendetta on the things of the mind and the spirit.

Nettle and Flower. And yet it seems to be an ill fire which blows nobody any good. It is a commonplace that, in the long run, England gained by the First Fire of London. I don't know much about the Phœnix, and it doesn't look to me the sort of bird I should like to have as a pet, but it has been greatly admired, and apparently it cannot thrive on anything except ashes. There may even have been something to be said for General Amr's point of view; many a time an agonised schoolboy, wrestling in spirit with a chorus of Æschylus, has thanked the incendiarist because comparatively little Greek tragedy has survived. And now it appears that in some respects literature has actually gained from the Bonfire of the Books. I learned from a cheerful and convincing speaker on the wireless the other night that it has taken a Second Fire of London to make the book trade organise itself intelligently. He appeared to think that the five million books were not too high a price to pay for this long-felt want. The method seems drastic, but they do say that the only way to make a really obstinate mule go is to light a fire under him!

Money to Burn. Some books which we have all encountered are as attractive in the shape of ashes as in any other form; but I would not say the same of a Treasury note. I have often heard of people who light their cigars with five-pound notes, but I have never seen the performance outside fiction, and I don't think it has been done very often since certain recent Budgets. There are, however, in these pyrotechnical days, a good many charred fragments of paper money scattered about—gallant survivors of the *Blitz*. If you see any, don't pocket them as interesting souvenirs; it will be looting and you will be severely dealt with. On the other hand, if you rescue any of your own from the wreckage, don't throw them away. They may be more valuable than you suppose. I don't think you will be able to buy very much with them, though for the remains of a fifty-pound note you *might* be able to get an egg or the tail of a cod. But if you take them to the Bank of England, you may be in luck. The other day a man took a scrap-heap of charred fragments to a Post Office and modestly asked for £327. The Bank of England was very shirty with him. It said: "How dare you ask us for £327, when what you are entitled to is actually £352? Here it is—take it and run away, and please be more accurate in future." Wonderful institution, the Bank of England! The profit works out at over ten per cent. I am thinking of collecting about a thousand notes and trying a little amateur arson.

"And now he's joined the 'Away from Home' Guard—the sly old dog!"
DRAWN BY HAROLD BEARDS.

How It Strikes Them.

The *New York Times* of Dec. 6, 1940, had the following comments on a debate in Parliament. "Democracy gave a truly thrilling exhibition in the British House of Commons yesterday. In the very heart of an Empire that is battling for its survival, in a country whose leaders and people have vowed that they would die rather than surrender, three pacifist Members of Parliament brought forward a motion calling for immediate peace 'in a spirit of compromise.' They were not beheaded for high treason. They

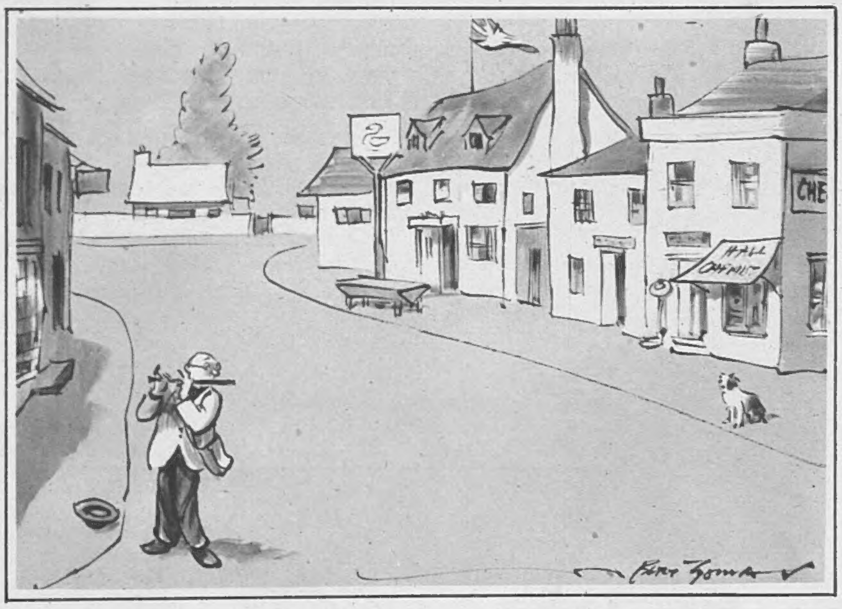
were not flung into a concentration camp. They were able to argue their case freely and their speeches were reported in the newspapers, because they were simply exercising their rights as the elected representatives of free men. The Deputy Prime Minister, Mr. Attlee, replied to them, and the House then voted by 341 to 4 against the motion. That was all. The four who wanted peace will be back in the House to-morrow, taking part in debates on the conduct of the war. What now becomes of the fatuous idea that British democracy is dead or dying? Can any free country do better than this to prove that its freedom still lives?"

Free Speech. Let us gratefully accept this bouquet—we need a few flowers among the cabbage-stalks which are being thrown at us in rich profusion from other parts of the world. But we must not conclude that, in time of war, a Member of Parliament's freedom of speech is every man's freedom of speech. In other places, speech may be cheap, but on the floor of the House of Commons it is as free as air, and considerably more free than gas, because it is jealously guarded by a dragon called Privilege. At Westminster you can say things about your fellow-citizens, and even about your fellow-members, which would cost you thousands of pounds outside. I *suppose* the four appeasing Members might have proclaimed their opinions with impunity in Hyde Park, but I am not at all sure. The paradox about free speech in England is that, apart from any emergency legislation, the law of sedition (of which very few citizens are aware) is a ferocious muzzle in the hands of any Government; but it is a perfectly well understood constitutional principle that the muzzle is hardly ever to be used, and that if it *were* used recklessly, the Government which applied it would certainly fall. But all our British freedom is paradoxical. If I wanted to illustrate it to any foreigner, I should ask him to observe and reflect on the common spectacle of a procession with banners demanding revolution and denouncing the Government—and carefully escorted by a couple of policemen to ensure that the traffic makes way for them and that they are accorded all the privileges of the King's highway!

"Cheer up, Bert. This'll mean fourteen days' leave to each watch, anyway!"

DRAWN BY T. S. LEE.

The Tie that Binds. The Old School Tie has proved a red rag to a good many bulls lately—bulls which have roared as loudly as their prototype of Bashan. In fact, the Commanding Officer who wrote to the Press deploring the lack of public-school education among his cadets has stirred up a bull's-nest, which is to be carefully distinguished from a mare's-nest. I express no opinion—since the "proper authorities" have done so in no uncertain manner—about the propriety of a senior officer's criticising in print junior officers under his command; but one may be permitted to express surprise at a journal usually so punctilious as *The Times* adopting a practice so unusual. As for the general science of "man management," I suggest that the real experts are to be found not among officers, young or old, but among the other sex.



Between sirens—a sketch from life.

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

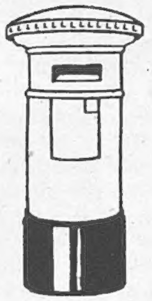
An Officer and a Gentleman. What is the truth of this matter which has made such a pother? Let's not mince terms. We all shy away, rightly enough, from the word "gentleman," which, as Tennyson said, is "debased by every charlatan"; but democracy has not yet destroyed the meaning and the reality of the term. Plainly put, the contention is that public schools aim at producing the type gentleman, and that gentlemen make the best officers, because they have the greatest sense of responsibility. Well, that is in the main true, and we all know it; but it is by no means all the truth. The self-made man, the man who has "risen," is likely to be an individualist, because he has had to concentrate on himself and his own career—otherwise he would never have made his way. The public schoolboy, on the other hand, is part of a corporate system which forces him to think outside his own orbit, to accept authority and to take responsibility. Admit, then, that the odds are in favour of the "privileged" young man; but surely, in the last analysis, it all depends on the individual and the stuff of which he is made. If the word "gentleman" still has a meaning, so has the term "nature's gentleman." It is absurd to say that a young man of the right stuff, whatever his previous associations, cannot be taught, until it becomes second nature to him, the first duty of an officer—responsibility for his men. There are thousands who, like myself, can testify that they have seen the thing done again and again. Some of the finest officers I ever knew, men who had the instinctive respect and loyalty of all those whom they commanded, had never been near a public school. I respectfully suggest, therefore, that if the young officers of to-day are really deficient in this essential quality, then they have either been badly selected, or there is something wrong in the training which they receive from their seniors.

King Henry IX. The Old School Tie, I fear, is not among the numerous decorations which adorn the ample breast of Marshal Goering. But he can do better than that. A scion of the blood royal is above these petty social distinctions. He is not merely Highwellborn (by the way, how did they manage to overlook his *von*—even Ribbentrop scrounged that!) he is All-Highest. In short, he is Plantagenet. For forty-eight years he lived in ignorance of this interesting fact, or, at all events, kept it dark, doubtless through native modesty. Then, by way of a graceful birthday-present, the genealogists of the City of Brunswick discovered that he was descended from Henry II. (Now, if they had only said Henry VIII.!) Apparently the vital link is a certain twelfth-century Duke of Bavaria and Saxony known as Henry the Lion, and this may account for the Marshal's well-known *penchant* for lion cubs. There is a deep significance in all this. Napoleon had a tiresome habit of seating (somewhat insecurely) his kindred and friends on any thrones which happened to be vacant. Are Goering, Goebbels, Ribbentrop and Himmler to be scattered about the thrones of Europe? Is the Reich-marshal to be Hermann I., or perhaps Henry IX.? Or can it be that the Marshal's head, like other parts of his constitution, has undergone a certain process of expansion? It seems to me that Hermann is in danger of *lèse-majesté*. Surely etiquette demanded that the genealogists should first establish the descent of the War-Lord Adolf from Gustavus Adolphus? Indeed, why not from Wotan?

Down on Their Uppers. Another blow at women! Listen to this: "The Timber Control want women to wear lower heels to save wood; the Leather Control want manufacturers to rule out trimmings, which waste leather; the Wool and Silk Control want fewer materials used for evening shoes; and the Ministry of Supply want plain shoes instead of the fancy designs which use up too much of the skilled operatives' time." Is there any Control which will leave the poor things alone? Sniping at heels may have serious effects—remember what happened to Achilles!

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—One of the simple pleasures of my life is singing in the Women's Choir which the Conductor, with unbelievable courage and patience, has collected and trained. Every week we meet in Lady B.'s drawing-room, and every week we forget the dotted note on Page 2, come in before the beat at the top of Page 3, take breaths where we shouldn't, half-way down Page 4, and sing loudly during the last four bars, which are marked *pianissimo*.

Every week the Conductor taps the music-stand in front of him with his little stick and says: "No; that's not right. We'll try that bit again from D," and a sort of nimbus appears round his head. Some maintain that it is only the afternoon sun shining through Lady B.'s windows, but other members of the choir hold different views.

"A sort of nimbus appears round his head."

This year, owing to a violent cold and loss of voice, I was unable to take my place, blushing hotly, among the altos at our concert, and became a member of the audience instead.

After our first concert, when the Choir was in its infancy, Mrs. Savernack said to me: "My dear Henrietta, I've never laughed so much in my life! There you all stood, opening and shutting your mouths, and *singing* away!"

This remark threw me into such a frenzy of embarrassment that at all the subsequent concerts I had to be allowed to stand at the back and peer at the Conductor from under Lady B.'s elbow. So, of course, I was glad of the opportunity of seeing for myself just how comical a spectacle we present to a long-suffering audience. But one thing I was determined I would *not* do, and that was laugh, however violently tempted to do so.

When I arrived the Choir was already seated, ready to begin, and looking dignified and cheerful in front of a becoming background of blue velvet curtains. Some of them had had their hair newly washed and set, and were looking particularly nice. Down below the Orchestra was tuning up. It also looked dignified and cheerful, and the Conductor of the Choir, in his best blue suit, was chatting to the Conductor of the Orchestra in her best blue dress. There was a general atmosphere of enjoyment about the place, and it hadn't begun to be funny yet.

The Orchestra, its numbers augmented with welcome Evacuees, played a piece which was received with enthusiasm.

Then our Conductor took his place and the Choir rose to its feet. Now for the Big Joke! Now for a wrestle with hysteria! I looked wildly round for the door. Would I be able to stuff my handkerchief into my mouth and get out without being seen? I would not. The palms of my hands became quite damp, and I clutched the sides of my chair.

"'Perhaps I am your rainy day.'"

The Choir sang. It opened its mouth and sang, and I forgot all about having to try not to laugh. It remembered the dotted note on Page 2, it came in exactly on the beat at the top of Page 3, only half of it took a breath when it shouldn't have, half-way down Page 4, and it died away at the end in an effective *pianissimo*. When it sat down there were tears in my eyes.

I think we people in the South are far too self-conscious about singing. Up in the North they take it all in their stride, and hardly anybody thinks choirs are funny. Of course, there are some, North and South, who hold that unless you can sing like Melba and play the fiddle like Yehudi you should keep your mouth shut and your hands in your pockets. Others insist that if you are the slightest good at anything, even playing on the comb, you should go on practising it until you are better, and that village orchestras and choirs are tremendously important, especially just now, and I, for one, agree with them, knowing, as I do, how half an hour's singing dispels the deepest Blues.

Charles says there is no reason to believe that audiences also will not reap their reward in Heaven.

Lady B. says that her gardener says that this is going to be a long war and she mustn't expect to see the end of it as she's getting up-along now.

"Her gardener says that this is going to be a long war."

I was furious with him when she told me, but Lady B. was quite delighted, and said it is his adenoids that make him take a gloomy view of life, and, anyway, he's just as up-along as she is, and not half as healthy.

Charles says that nowadays all his patients begin by saying, "I'm afraid I haven't any money." He says it casts a gloom over the proceedings right from the first.

He says that yesterday he was hardly inside the door of an expensive hotel bedroom before his lady patient began, "I'm afraid I haven't any money, Doctor Brown; only some put by for a rainy day."

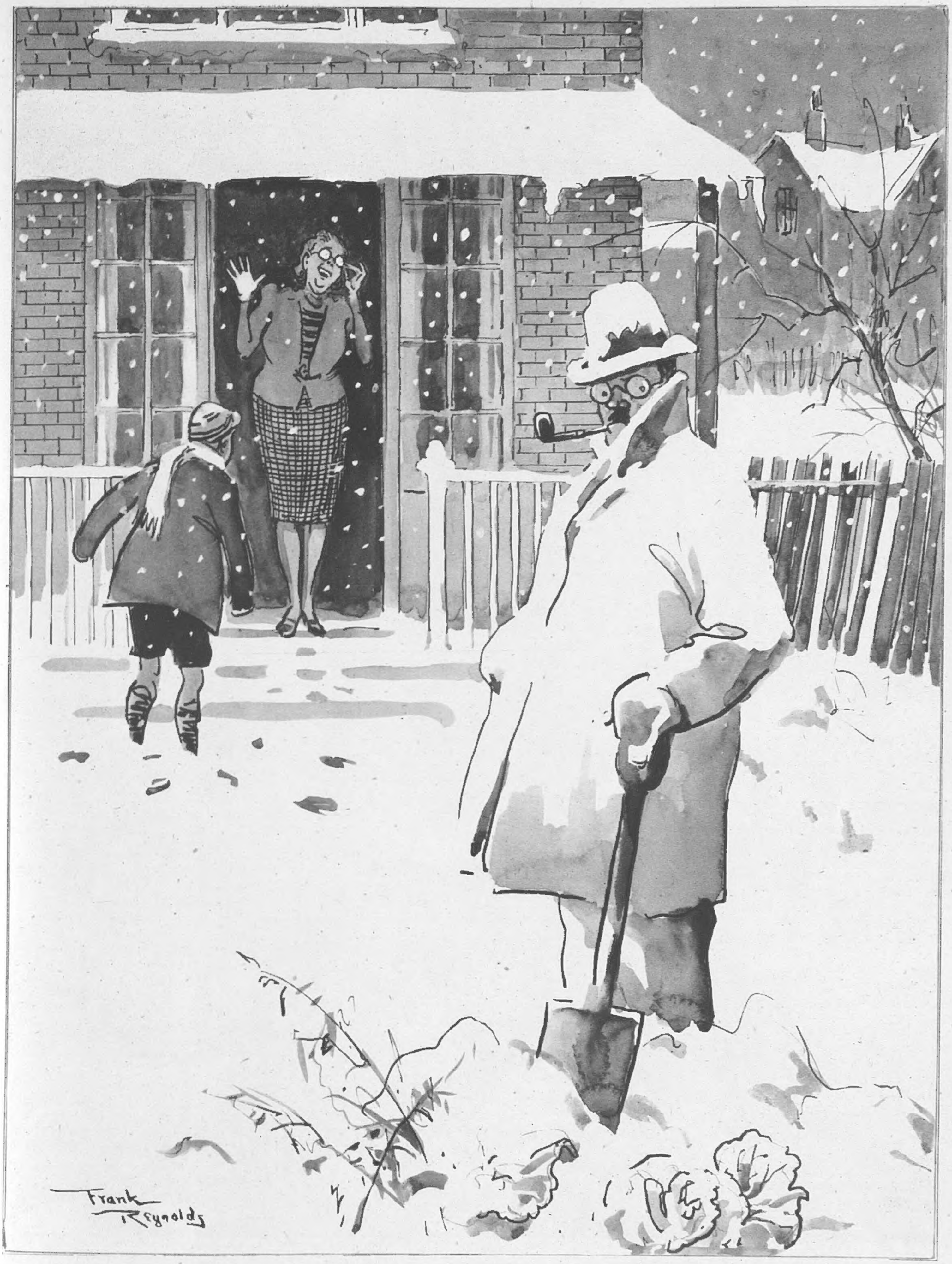
Charles replied hopefully: "Perhaps *I* am your rainy day," but he says it seemed to awake no answering chord.

How one's attitude towards shops has changed! Once upon a time one used to say, "With whom shall I deal?" Now one says, "Who will deal with me?" To-day I found myself beginning a letter, "Dearest Harrods." That just shows you.

I have got Lumbago. Not bad, but just bad enough to take the pride out of me and keep me walking about in a slightly bent position. I also have a hot-water bottle, which I take with me everywhere and put down the back of every chair I sit in. This is considered very funny, but to me it is even less funny than choir-singing. I fear we are all getting slightly up-along, Robert, and that is less funny still.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

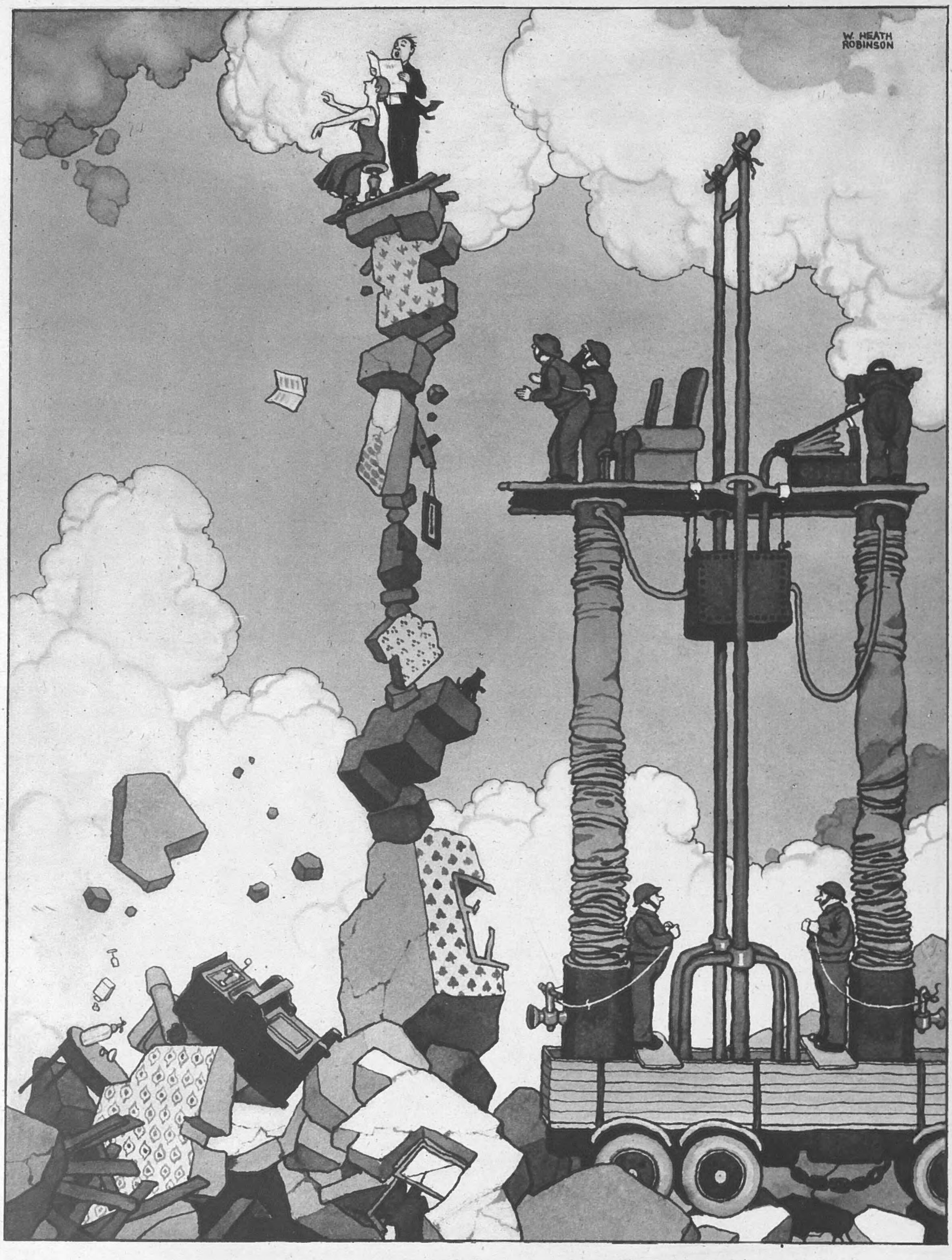
HENRIETTA.



ENGLAND "GOES TO IT."

"Oh! How clever of you, darling! You must show it to Daddy!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



THE NEW TOP-FLAT RESCUE APPARATUS IN ACTION.

This new W. Heath Robinson device has been specially thought out for the benefit of the inhabitants of top flats in tall buildings. It is depicted in action, coming to the assistance of two musicians in distress.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

C.-IN-C. FIGHTER COMMAND AND TWO SENIOR STAFF OFFICERS.

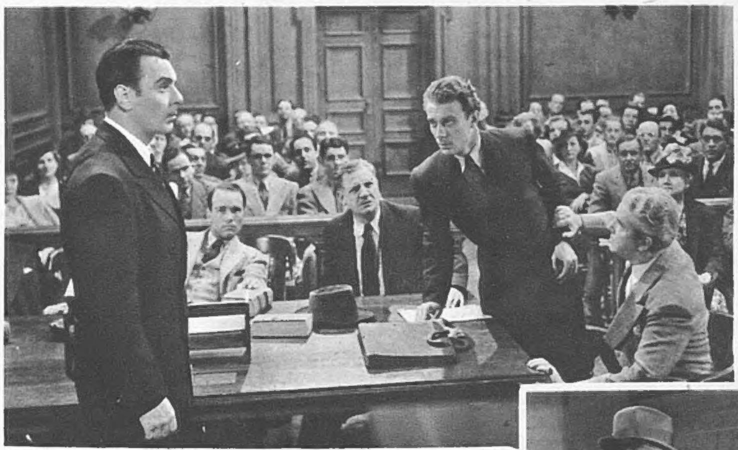
AIR MARSHAL W. SHOLTO DOUGLAS, C.B., M.C., D.F.C., *was appointed Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Fighter Command, in November last, when, at the special request of the Minister of Aircraft Production, Air Chief-Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding, who had held the post since July 1936, was seconded to his department for special duty in the United States of America. Our photograph shows Air Marshal W. S. Douglas with two senior Staff officers,* SENIOR AIR STAFF OFFICER AIR VICE-MARSHAL D. C. S. EVILL, C.B., D.S.C., A.F.C. *(left), and* AIR OFFICER-IN-CHARGE ADMINISTRATION, AIR VICE-MARSHAL H. R. NICHOLL, C.B., C.B.E. *Air Marshal W. S. Douglas has had a most distinguished career. He was a second lieutenant in the Royal Field Artillery in 1914, and was posted as an observer officer to the Royal Flying Corps in France in January 1915. He became a flying officer in July of that year, and later commanded in France Nos. 43 and 84 Squadrons and No. 22 Wing Headquarters. When he was awarded the D.F.C. in February 1919, the citation stated: "A very gallant officer and brilliant leader, to whose personal influence and example is mainly due the fine record of his squadron (No. 84), which since September 21, 1917, had destroyed 201 and driven down out of control 149 enemy aircraft." When the King and Queen visited Fighter Command last week they had a long talk with Air Marshal W. Sholto Douglas.*

CAMERA PORTRAITS BY BERTRAM PARK.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

THERE'S this to be said about the anti-Nazi films that have been filling our theatres of late with such abandon—they have thrown up some remarkably good acting. Even if you are as tired as I am of screen swastikas, and storm-troopers, and concentration camps, you must admit that there is something about their tense atmosphere that seems to bring out the best in young players. It doesn't seem to matter much whether they are cast on the Führer's side or on the other; political urgency seems to lend wings to acting. I suppose any kind of a part with convictions is an improvement on a part with no convictions at all.



"THE MAN WHO TALKED TOO MUCH" comes to the Warner Theatre on Friday, February 7. . . . GEORGE BRENT plays Stephen Forbes, district attorney and impressive orator whose successful career is halted when he gets an innocent boy convicted for murder, wringing confession too late from the real criminal. Later Forbes moves to cheap quarters, and makes the acquaintance of Roscoe, contact man between the underworld and the city office. He then goes to palatial offices, and takes in his young brother Johnny as partner.

Johnny Forbes (WILLIAM LUNDIGAN), horrified to find his brother's business is a shady one, tries to break contact with the underworld, and helps the Federal authorities in tracking Roscoe by opening Stephen's safe to them. Here is Roscoe (RICHARD BARTHELMESS; centre) making the discovery that evidence which might incriminate him is missing from his lawyer—Stephen Forbes's—safe.

In retaliation Roscoe plants a murder charge against Johnny, with circumstantial evidence so strong that the lad is convicted. Stephen, jolted back to sanity, gets a confession from the murderer, and in a race to the governor on the eve of John's execution Roscoe, who tries to kill him, is slain himself. Joan Reed (VIRGINIA BRUCE) is the faithful secretary who loves Steve and follows him through thick and thin.

Last week I mentioned the young Dutchman, Philip Dorn, who turned up as a Nazi camp doctor in "Escape." This week there is an interesting performance from a young Englishman, Derek Farr, who plays a radio mechanic much wanted by the Gestapo in "FREEDOM RADIO" (Regal). Mr. Farr is obviously less experienced than Mr. Dorn. This is, I believe, his first picture, although "Spellbound," which he made later, has beaten it by a couple of weeks into the London theatres. His work is patchy still, often a little diffident, but at its best it is full of promise. He looks a little like Marius Goring, and a little like a fair Louis Hayward. But his work is no stereotype of anybody's. It is gravely and charmingly his own.

Mr. Farr plays what must be called, I suppose, the juvenile lead in "Freedom Radio." My excuse for mentioning him first must be that I found his performance more arresting than his seniors', possibly because it was less familiar. Honest, reliable Clive Brook is the real hero of the piece, and he plays just as you would expect him to play, sincerely, with grave good manners and intense acumen.

He appears as a fashionable German doctor in Berlin in the days just before the present war. In spite of his personal attendance on the Führer, his sympathies are not with the Party. His free speech in the house leads to an estrangement with his wife (Diana Wynyard), a lovely, wide-eyed actress who arranges pageants for the Third Reich. This lady, who believes implicitly in the Führer as the apostle of peace, refuses to listen to her husband's subversive remarks, and flounces off to Stuttgart, where she can brood on forty-foot swastika banners and other pretty fancies.

One night, to her horror, she hears what sounds like her husband's voice broadcasting from a new pirate radio station. Dr. Roder has carried free speech outside the home. With the help of a young mechanic (Derek Farr), whose sweetheart has been spirited away to a concentration camp, he has built a secret radio-set in a cellar. Every night at 10.30 the freedom station is on the air. Germany is forbidden to listen, but Germany does listen. The organisation grows. The Gestapo gets to work. Official listeners, with charts and sound detectors, spend sleepless nights trying to track down the wave. The station moves from point to point, sometimes broadcasting from a cellar, sometimes from a van, sometimes from a boathouse by the river. In the end, the doctor is shot—his lovely wife too, she having suffered a change of heart—but the mechanic and others take up the microphone and the work goes on.

Whether you like these Nazi subjects or not, you can't help admiring the skill with which Anthony Asquith has directed his grim piece. The whole thing is taut and suspenseful, with the crispness of the best G-man pictures, and a brilliant command of detail. The small parts are parts, not merely types, and even the routine of detection is handled in such a way as to make it exciting. A special word of praise, too, is due to Nicholas Brodszky and Muir Matheson for the score they have composed and arranged for the picture. This music speaks.

Music, although of a very different kind, is the chief charm of "YOU WILL REMEMBER" (London Pavilion). This simple and pleasantly sentimental little film tells the story of Leslie Stuart, the composer, whose tunes were whistled by every errand boy, and played on every parlour piano round about the turn of the century. "Lily of Laguna," "Little Dolly Daydream," "Soldiers of the Queen"—what grand tunes they were—what grand tunes they *are*, heard again after all these years. They'll bring a lump into many a veteran's throat.

The story is really nothing but a peg to hang the music on. If the biographers have treated him fairly, Leslie Stuart's life, apart from the normal ups and downs of fame, was not sensational. The composer, born plain Tom Barrett in a Manchester back street, learnt to play on a piano his father had won in a raffle. He taught five-finger exercises to tiresome pupils, like many another great man before him, sold his first songs for a few shillings, and had the luck to meet such celebrated performers of the time as Ellaline Terriss and Eugene Stratton.

He went up to fame, and he came down again. When money was pouring in after "Florodora," and he could have named his own price for a song in England or America, he stayed too long at Monte Carlo, ran into debt, and found himself in Brixton Prison. When he came out of gaol, the world had changed. Stratton was dead, jazz was all the craze. The composer himself was poor and sick. One night an agent, hearing him strumming his old tunes in the back room of a bar, booked him for a come-back at the Palladium, with the Grenadier Guards' band booming out "Soldiers of the Queen." That was Leslie Stuart's story, according to the evidence of the picture.

Robert Morley plays Mr. Stuart as a man of even passions, no wild-eyed, temperamental genius, but a philosopher with a certain sardonic slant on life. I found him slightly forbidding, but then, I am never quite at my ease with stately people. I liked better Mr. Emlyn Williams's warm sketch of Stuart's friend, another boy from the Manchester streets, who remains, solidly and forthrightly, just a bootblack. Little Dorothy Hyson is the young Ellaline Terriss, as pretty as a picture, as, of course, she should be, and Tom Finglass, who knew Stuart well, is the Eugene Stratton. But, with due respect to all these artists, I suggest that they are less important than the music they celebrate. When all is said and done, it's the tunes in "You Will Remember" that you will remember best.

HAPPY SEAVACUEE.

This happy child has been evacuated to the U.S.A. with her mother, and is here enjoying the peace of a Massachusetts meadow, where no air-raid warnings rend the air, and the sounds of guns or bombs are never heard. The art of being an evacuee in the U.S.A. calls for a certain amount of tact, for refugee mothers and children are entirely dependent on their kind hosts, since exchange regulations only allow the small sum of £10 per passport.

Traditional clown; JOSEPH GRIMALDI, *Drury Lane, 1795.*

Tradition carried on: GEORGE LUPINO *as a clown, Drury Lane, 1912.*

[From Pougin's "Dictionnaire du Théâtre"
A 17TH CENTURY FRENCH OPERATIC DANCER AS POLICHINELLE

Seventeenth-century French Punchinello, which, as a puppet show, was brought to England by the Lupinos.

MADAME VIOLANTE, *eighteenth-century tight-rope dancer, one of whose family married a Lupino.*

Stanley Lupino's GRANDFATHER *and* GREAT-GRANDFATHER *as the Tumbler and his son in Frith's "Derby Day,"* circa *1858.*

JOHN LUPINO *as Pantaloon, 1822.*

SARAH LANE *as Jacqueline, 1840.*

CLARA ANNE WEBSTER, *aunt of Florence Webster, burnt to death on Drury Lane stage.*

FLORENCE WEBSTER *(Mrs. George Lupino), mother of Stanley, Barry and Mark Lupino. Died 1901.*

MRS. HARRY LUPINO *(niece of Sarah Lane) in film costume.*

MRS. SARAH LANE, *proprietress of Britannia Theatre, Hoxton.*

LUPINOS AND LANES AND BRITANNIA HOXTON TRADITION.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO— THE LUPINOS, for being the Royal Family of Greasepaint and in four hundred years travelling from the stocks to the stars.

THE LUPINO FAMILY glory in their nickname of "The Royal Family of Greasepaint," and can proudly boast that they have given acrobats, dancers, clowns, actors, managers, scenic artists, producers and film-artists to stage and screen for four hundred years. The first of the line, Georgius Luppino (note the spelling), came from Italy in the time of James I.; joined strolling players, who were often put in the stocks, as rogues and vagabonds, and, when arrested for performing without a licence, pretended to have lost his voice, and pleaded in pantomime, holding the court spellbound. The first star in the family appeared at St. Bartholomew's Fair in 1642 as the "Italian Motion Master, Signor Luppino," and "presented Bel and the Dragon newly arrived

STANLEY LUPINO, *Lily Long, and Will Evans in "The Babes in the Wood," Drury Lane, 1918.*

CISSIE LUPINO *(Mrs. Clifford Glen), daughter of Arthur Lupino.*

DORA LUPINO *(Mrs. Arthur Rigby), daughter of Arthur Lupino.*

IDA LUPINO, *film-actress, daughter of Stanley Lupino, with Buster Crabbe.*

GEORGE WEBSTER, *1870, actor and playwright, father of Florence Webster (Mrs. George Lupino).*

GEORGE LUPINO, *1926, just before his last appearance.* Painting by Philip Ledoux.

ARTHUR LUPINO *and* HARRY LUPINO *in their famous act, "The Musician and His Dog," 1890.*

BARRY LUPINO *as Finniken, Drury Lane "Sleeping Beauty," 1911-12; and (inset)* STANLEY LUPINO, *in same rôle, 1912-13.*

ARTHUR LUPINO *and the late Sir Gerald du Maurier (r.) as Nana and Mr. Darling in the premier production of "Peter Pan," 1904.*

Lupino fathers and sons: (l. to r.; seated) LUPINO LANE; *his father,* HARRY LUPINO; GEORGE LUPINO *and his son,* BARRY LUPINO; *and, standing,* WALLACE LUPINO, *brother of Lupino Lane;* MARK *and* STANLEY LUPINO, *sons of George Lupino, 1928.*

from Italy besides several jiggs, sarabands and country dances . . . together with the merry conceits of Squire Punch." George Richard Luppino (1710-1787), the fifth of the line, married Rosina Violante, an actress of the famous family of tight-rope dancers, one of whom is depicted in Hogarth's "Southwark Fair," but every Lupino generation produced numerous stage-artists, a few of whom are shown on these pages; and to-day the Lupinos include such well-known actors, dancers and comedians as Stanley Lupino, Lupino Lane, Barry Lupino, and many others. They are famous *panto.* artists, and the Nottingham "Aladdin" is produced by Lupino Lane (in conjunction with Tom Arnold). Mr. Lane plays the title-rôle, and Barry Lupino is the Widow Twankey, Lauri Lane a Policeman, Wallace Lupino the Vizier, and Tonie Lupino, So-Shi. Stanley Lupino (of the tenth generation), who has told the story of the family in his book, "From the Stocks to the Stars" (Hutchinson), plays the title-rôle in "Mother Goose," the Streatham Hill pantomime. He married Connie Emerald, the actress, and his daughters, Ida and Rita, are on the screen and stage respectively.

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WEDDINGS, ENGAGEMENTS, AID TO

The HON. JEAN WILLIAMSON, only daughter of Lord and Lady Forres, of Glenogil Lodge, Angus, is engaged to Flt. Lieut. Longmore, son of Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore.

FLT. LT. W. J. LONGMORE, R.A.F., *son of Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore, C.-in-C. R.A.F., Middle East, is engaged to the Hon. Jean Williamson.*

The marriage of MISS NATALIE LAURA ST. AUBYN NEVINSON, *daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. St. Aubyn Nevinson, to Captain Desmond FitzGerald, Irish Guards, son of Captain and Mrs. Derek FitzGerald, of Branches Park, Newmarket, is fixed for February 15.*

Right: LADY ELIZABETH VON HOFMANNSTAHL, *daughter of the Marquess of Anglesey, at the Star-Spangled Ball in New York in aid of the Allies.*

Left: MR. and LADY URSULA VERNON *went racing at Plumpton. She is the elder daughter of the Duke of Westminster and of Constance, Duchess of Westminster.*

CAPTAIN P. MILLER MUNDY, M.C., *son of Major G. Miller Mundy, of Red Rice, Andover, married* MISS PEGGY CLARKE, *daughter of the late Captain and Mrs. A. L. Clarke, at Chelsea Old Church.*

The marriage of MR. ARTHUR BRYANT, *the historian whose article, "Our Note Book," is a feature of "The Illustrated London News," to* MISS ANNE BROOKE, *niece of Sir Charles Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak, took place at Hemel Hempstead Register Office.*

RACING, AND U.S.A.
THE ALLIES

MISS GILLEAN MITFORD, *younger daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Philip Mitford, of Berryfield, Inverness, is engaged to Captain Patrick Gascoigne Munro of Foulis, who is at present a prisoner of war.*

Above, right: LADY MARY DUNN, *younger daughter of the fifth Earl of Rosslyn, and her husband,* LIEUT. PHILIP GORDON DUNN, *at the Savoy.*

LIEUT. R. C. SANFORD BARCLAY, *Intelligence Corps, youngest son of the late Sir Colville Barclay and of Lady Vansittart, married* MISS CAMILLA BOUGHEY, *younger daughter of Sir George and Lady Boughey, at South Malling Church, Lewes.*

MI… ROSAMUND MARY SCROPE, *eldest daughter of the lat… …r. Stephen Scrope and of Mrs. Stephen Scrope, is en… …d to Sir Noel Dryden, Bt., seventh and tenth Baronet.*

Ri… MAJOR CARLOS CLARKE *and his daughter,* MR… …ULKE WALWYN, *at Plumpton Races. Mrs. Walwyn … particularly well suited by her fur-lined hood.*

CAPTAIN CHARLES MAX-MULLER, *elder son of Sir William and Lady Max-Muller, is engaged to* MISS MARGARET JAQUINE ("PEGGY") CAREY, *youngest daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. H. E. Carey, of Watergate House, Bulford.*

The marriage of FLIGHT LIEUT. PETER A. SIMMONS, D.F.C., *son of Mr. R. C. Simmons, and of Mrs. R. S. Hayhoe, of Mill Cottage, Ifield, to* MISS NOREEN BAILEY, *youngest daughter of the late Sir Abe Bailey, took place recently.*

FRED ASTAIRE PLOTS OUT NEW DANCE ROUTINES.

MR. and MRS. FRED ASTAIRE, *who were married in 1933. She was Miss Phyllis Livingston Baker, and is a daughter of Dr. Harold W. Baker, of Boston.*

FRED ASTAIRE, famous screen dancer, has a home in Beverly Hills, but spends much of each year at Aiken, S.C., where his wife's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Worthington Bull, own a large and charming estate. Here Fred Astaire plotted his routines for his forthcoming picture, "Second Chorus," and recently repeated them and gave some new ones for the benefit of *Life's* photographer, George Karger. Fred is a superb technician who, to quote *Life*, has "successfully synthesized the classic attitudes of ballet with the footwork and rhythms of pure American buck and wing." He studies his old dances when thinking out new ones, and has a film anthology of his own numbers which runs for four hours.

"Temps de Poisson," *by Fred Astaire—dancing psi*

How the great film dancer charts a sequence on the sunlit turf, his feet lighting rhythmically on the proper squares with machine-tool precision.

Fred looks back! A study of the dancer in an Aiken theatre viewing himself in "Second Chorus." He has a film anthology of his own dances which runs for four hours.

...s which recall the graceful leaps of a salmon.

FREDDY ASTAIRE, JUNIOR, *aged four, serves as his father's partner if no one bigger is available. He's been dancing since he was two.*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"THE CANYON" is a story of adolescence; Californian adolescence, which means that the symptoms are much aggravated. Whereas ordinary schoolboys in England, and probably in New England too, are content with ringleaders of only moderate wickedness, with inflicting on each other tortures from which recovery is possible at the most in a few hours (though the wound to the spirit may last a lifetime), and with a sketchy, rudimentary kind of sex life, more obsessional than actual, in California they go a great deal further. The gang to which George Rivers (narrator of "The Canyon") belonged included in it some odd names: Perfecto was one. But oddest was that of the president, Keetcheye. Keetcheye was half-Indian, and he was by no means an advertisement for mixed breeds. Exhibiting "a small ·22 automatic," he remarks to his followers: "Any time my uncle starts to beat me up he 's going to get a surprise, and that goes for any of your parents. Anyone can use the gun, anyone in the gang, but . . . only for killing."

Boys Will be Boys.

Keetcheye's first victim is the narrator, who is not killed, however, but only winged; and the wound, which should have been such a glory to him, fails of its full effect because Maria, whom he specially wanted to impress, spoke lightly of it. Though Maria remained unattainable, others were not, and seemed to find pleasure in his immature but effective love-making. Keetcheye meanwhile goes from strength to strength; his most conspicuous exploit is to drive Perfecto into the sea soon after a meal and keep him there until he is brought out in a drowning condition and restored by artificial respiration. "Not a word of this is going anywhere," Keetcheye said, "or I 'll get the guy that snitches, no matter what happens." When, afterwards, Keetcheye is caught drunk and asleep in possession of a stolen car, someone protests at the (in the circumstances) prudent if ungentlemanly step of hitting him while helpless. How they strain at a gnat!

"He was bad," says the narrator in summing up Keetcheye; "'wild' is perhaps a more glamorous word." To me, both seem inadequate. The Keetcheyes of the world are responsible for half the trouble in it; to condone the behaviour of this little monster of human wickedness is to condone tyrants the world over; Mr. Peter Viertel, out of loyalty to the callow hero-worship of youth—hero-worship which has brought Europe to its present pass—lets him off too lightly. Apart from this romantic forbearance towards hooliganism, and apart from the descriptions of George's first sexual experiences, which are too realistic for my taste, "The Canyon" is full of the beauty and mystery of youth, and delightfully written. Whether the author would support George's father (said to be a learned man) in his contention that "auto" is a word of Latin derivation, I cannot say; but whether he knows where words come from or not, he knows how to use them.

London in the *Blitz*.

England has no stauncher friend than Mr. Negley Farson, and an American quality of demonstrativeness makes him always ready to testify to his admiration of our country. "Bomber's Moon" comprises his impressions of the behaviour of Londoners in the *Blitz*. It is a record of suffering borne with courage and humour; those are the qualities Mr. Farson saw around him, and those the qualities—or some of them—that are reflected in his work. All Londoners are in danger, but some run more risks than others, and Mr. Farson, in his search for the spirit which makes the Cockney able to grin and bear it, often placed himself (as far as anyone can) where the bombs were thickest. He has a happy knack of getting into conversation with strangers, winning their confidence and remembering what they say; and if few of their remarks are particularly memorable (there can be no brilliant verbal riposte to a bomb), they are always adequate, however ironical and understated, and they imply an invincible determination not to be bullied by what, in the last war, used to be called "frightfulness."

A Comprehensive Survey.

Mr. Farson goes to the crypt of St. Martin-in-the-Fields; he visits the Aldwych Tube; he inspects various markets, and learns a lot about fish, including why it is now so expensive; he travels on one of the emergency river-ferries, and is impressed by the determination of Father Thames to "hit back"; he visits a certain "Sheltertown" in the East End where as many as 15,000 have been accommodated—most of them Jews; he watches the deportment of a Chinaman in the West India Docks; he marvels at the amazing recuperative powers of small shops which, the day after their ordeal, come out with a placard, "More Open than Usual," and are ready to serve their customers; he discusses with his friend, a "quondam Air Warden," social questions such as the value to the body politic of Colonel Blimp; he decides (I think) that Whitehall has more to learn about realism in war than those sections of the population which are not bound by the red tape of officialdom. He observes; and in this he is ably seconded by his collaborator, Mr. Tom Purvis, whose sketches of damaged buildings, and of human beings "in the target area," sometimes damaged but always undaunted, give wonderfully vivid impressions with an admirable economy of means. But he is not merely an observer to whom nothing human and suffering is alien: he also reflects and generalises. The English, he says, are invincible, and they know it. This is an encouraging statement, coming from one who has watched the bearing of the civil population under the most fearful trials. And he considers that though "many of us have a positive distaste for life these days," such distaste is only "for life *as it is at present*." Hereafter life "might be one of the grandest adventures we have ever known." Let us hope he is right. He himself has always faced life with a high heart; and "Bomber's Moon" shows that the same heart is ready to defy the night-raiders in a million Cockney breasts.

Ambitions and a Temperament.

Amy Braide, the heroine of Miss Fredericka Faxon's long novel, "Rehearsal," came of humble origins. Her father worked in a restaurant. From girlhood she had an instinctive longing for the refinements and amenities of life, some of which her association with a dressmaker's establishment, and afterwards her work in an art school, helped her to realise. But her beauty was her chief asset, as it was also her chief handicap. She had in her a streak of romantic snobbery, but she was not in any sense a gold-digger; and if she wanted the things that money can buy she was readier to pay for them with her emotional than with her physical self. Many men were attracted by her, and she, in varying degrees,

[*Continued overleaf.*

OUR NEW SERIES OF COLOUR PLATES—

THE FOURTH NEXT WEEK.

AS announced in our issue of December 25, the New Year resolutions of *The Sketch* included the decision to accede to the numerous requests of readers and to restart a series of amusing colour plates. In our issue of January 1, 1941, we published the first of this new set, a plate in full colour by Mr. David Wright, and NEXT WEEK, FEB. 12, WE ARE PRESENTING THE FOURTH.

There is little need to introduce this artist, whose work has already graced so many wardrooms, cabins, messes and billets of serving men.

In making the decision to publish our new series, we have in view the brightening of the hours of leisure of our naval men, soldiers and airmen, and hope thereby to echo the high spirits of our fighting men.

But it is not only to the fighting Services that these plates will make their appeal. Many members of the Civil Defence Services have their lonely posts, which may be enlivened by these sprightly works of art.

For this reason we are publishing the plates loose in the numbers so that they may easily be removed by those who wish to pin them on their walls.

As *The Sketch* is no longer on sale or return, we would recommend any of our readers who have not already done so, to place a regular order with their newsagents, else they may miss one or more of the series. The plates will appear every fortnight.

AIR-RAID WARDEN MRS. OSBORNE.

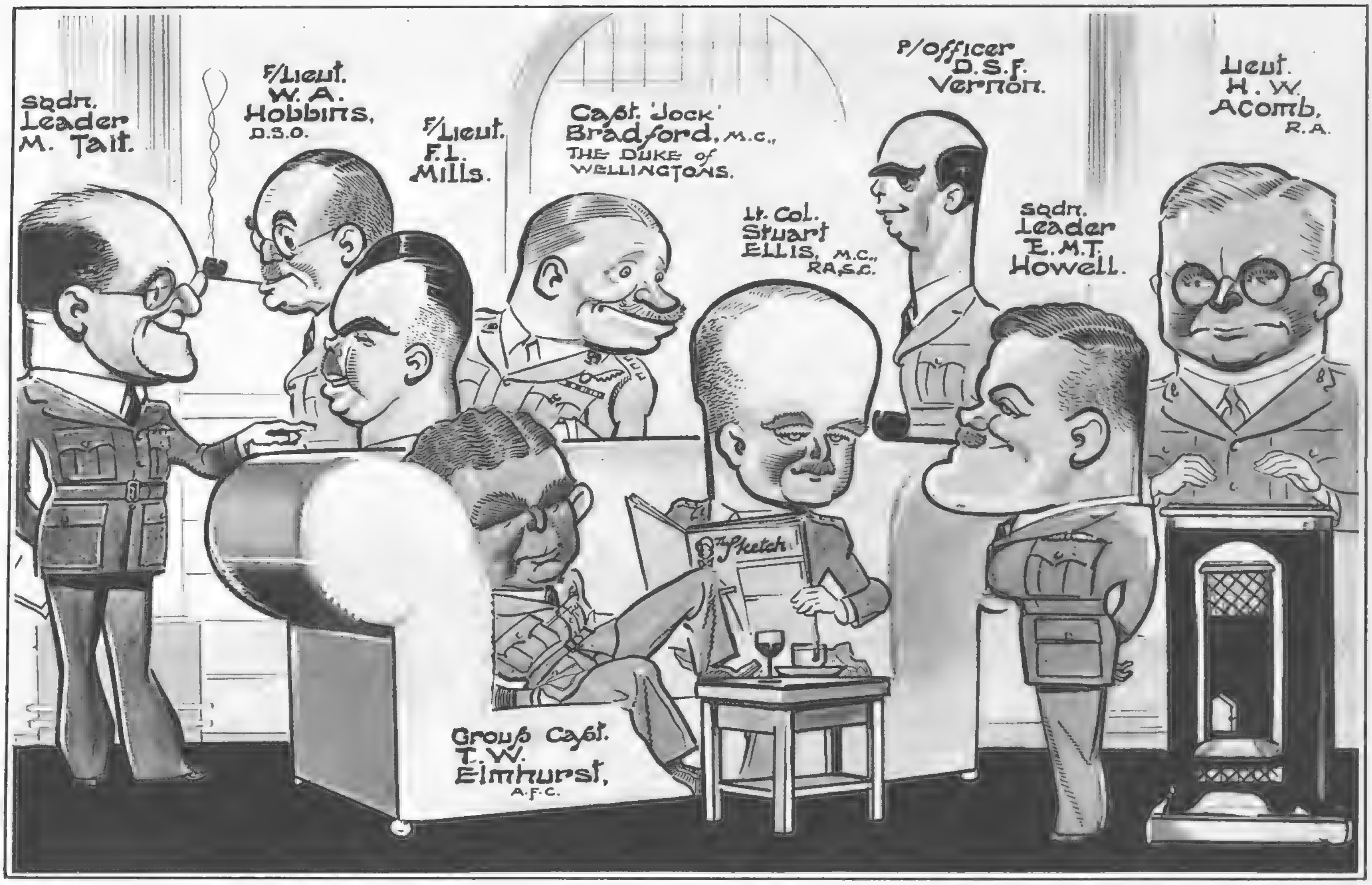
MRS. OSBORNE *is the wife of Major Anthony Hope Osborne, and was Miss Primrose Salt. She and Major Osborne were married in India and have one small son, aged four. They are now in England, and Mrs. Osborne is doing civil defence work as an air-raid warden. She and her husband share a passion for horses, and this season she is racing under her own colours. She is also fond of dogs and, as our photograph shows, prefers large-size pets to lap-dogs!*

PORTRAIT STUDY BY YEVONDE.

Continued.]

was attracted to them. An elderly man befriended and took charge of her, and she returned his affection; but he could not satisfy the romantic leanings of her nature, and his jealousy of the moths fluttering round the candle made her leave him. The first turning-point in her life was her marriage to Orrin Farr, a man of good family dominated by a possessive sister. Isa bitterly resented Amy's intrusion into a family that had hitherto made no friends outside its own set; and that set, as was inevitable in the America of the early 1900's, was exclusive and self-sufficient. Orrin brought Amy little money, but he gave her the distinction of social circumstance her nature asked for, and she could have been happy with him but for Isa's implacable hostility. As it was, the life and meaning gradually ebbed from their relationship; two children failed to refresh it, for Isa's possessiveness included them too: and Amy was fast approaching a state of emotional bankruptcy when Mark Logan, a twice-married man who curiously described himself as a bachelor, forced his way into her life.

delineation of two natures utterly enslaved to each other—the kind of relationship that Emily Brontë described in "Wuthering Heights." To state the fact of passion is very easy, to convey its force is extremely difficult, and more than ever difficult when the author employs overstatement rather than understatement. Miss Faxon continually overstates; and the gulf between the sublime and the ridiculous is never apparent to her. A good thing, perhaps, otherwise she would fall into it more often than she does. Her imagination is haunted by a strain of violent nineteenth-century romanticism—Brontë-esque at its best, at its worst fustian. Logan is the wicked man of a Lyceum melodrama; a professional seducer, lean and incredibly handsome, arrogant, rude, tyrannical. He does all the regulation things: drives dangerously about in a fast motor-car, practically abducts the helpless Amy, carries her off to an expensive hotel, books their passages to Europe. . . . And the *dénouement*, with the motor accident and the fire, is a series of "get-outs" of the most shameless kind: one can almost see



A sprinkling of khaki leavens the blue in this ROYAL AIR FORCE MESS *which co-operates with* THE ARMY. *When one or more units join with members of a different unit, the Officers' Mess is referred to as a "joint" Mess, and this is one.*

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

Amy lived for and by the emotions and was quite incapable of having the kind of heart-free *affaire* a worldly friend designed for her. She had none of the defences that come from vanity or coquetry or detachment; she was soon head over ears in love with Logan. But she had a conscience which told her she must not sacrifice her family life on this beautiful but barren altar; and her conscience growing ever more inflamed, began to identify him with an evil principle, almost with the Devil, so that she loved and hated him in equal degree.

Passion's Slaves.

The conflict between love and duty, which used to be a favourite theme with novelists, is much less popular now, when love, if not itself considered a duty, is often regarded as the supreme end of existence: but Miss Faxon treats it in the most full-blooded, old-fashioned manner. "Rehearsal" is nearly a very good book and nearly a very bad one. Its merit does not lie so much in the author's presentation of the conflict between love and duty, though this is very fully and on the whole convincingly done: it lies in the them coming; Amy expiating her sin with the sacrifice of her beauty, Logan with the loss of his life. Things do not happen like that. But Miss Faxon believes they do, and at moments, almost up to the last, persuades us that they do.

"Rehearsal" owes some of its effect to its quiet opening, and to the time and place of its setting. The early years of this century seem infinitely remote, and Miss Faxon's America, in which the pound appears to be the medium of exchange, and the landscape—a feature most American writers ignore—is constantly referred to, is like no America I ever read of; but for that very reason, its isolation from all the conditions we are familiar with, it makes a perfect meeting-place for that "concourse of the passions" which the author, her pen dipped in all the most violent colours of the spectrum, is presently to let loose.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Canyon. By Peter Viertel. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)
Bomber's Moon. By Negley Farson. (*Gollancz; 8s. 6d.*)
Rehearsal. By Fredericka Faxon. (*Heinemann; 9s. 6d.*)

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"TIN PAN ALLEY" SISTERS.

BETTY GRABLE *plays Lily Blane in 20th Century-Fox's new picture, "Tin Pan Alley."*

"Tin Pan Alley," new 20th Century-Fox Picture, with Jack Oakie, John Payne, Betty Grable and Alice Faye, was due on Monday last at the Regal. It's a gay, light-hearted musical picture which offers, to quote the official description, "songs, old and new; romance, tender and thrilling; and laughs, loud and long." The story deals with the adventures of two young song-writers and the sister-act artists who put their numbers over, and the setting is the U.S.A. and wartime England. An American Expeditionary Force is introduced, which marches to the song-hit, "K-K-K-Katy."

ALICE FAYE *takes the part of Katie Blane in "Tin Pan Alley," which was due at the Regal on February 3.*

ROBERT HELPMANN *and* MARGOT FONTEYN *in one of their striking poses.*

A fine study of ROBERT HELPMANN *and* MARGOT FONTEYN.

NEW SADLER'S WELLS BALLET AT THE NEW: "THE WANDERER."

The final scene from Frederick Ashton's new ballet, "THE WANDERER." MARGOT FONTEYN *is on the right, and* ROBERT HELPMANN *in the background.*

Frederick Ashton's new ballet, "THE WANDERER," was presented for the first time by the Sadler's Wells Ballet at the New Theatre last week. The ballet is danced to Schubert's great pianoforte sonata in C major, which is always known as "The Wanderer." No clear argument is given to explain the symbolism, and no characters are assigned to the dancers, who include pairs of lovers. They give a brilliant exhibition of ballet technique, and all the dancers are marshalled into order round the chief figure, Robert Helpmann, in the commanding fugue subject of the finale.

A dramatic pose by MARGOT FONTEYN *and* ROBERT HELPMANN.

A close-up study of ROBERT HELPMANN *and* MARGOT FONTEYN.

MICHEL SOMES *and* PAMELA MAY *as the young lovers.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY "THE TIMES" AND L.N.A.

NOTTINGHAM "ALADDIN'S" PRINCESS.

PAT KIRKWOOD, *who sprang to fame in "Black Velvet," is the principal girl for Nottingham's pantomime, "Aladdin," produced by Lupino Lane in conjunction with Tom Arnold. Here she is in two of the attractive celestial dresses which she wears as the daughter of the Emperor of China. Lupino Lane plays Aladdin and Barry Lupino is the Widow Twankey.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VERA RICHARDS.

ELSA MAXWELL, *hostess who launched many stunt-party fashions, is featured in a series of shorts for Warner Brothers. Here she is in "Riding Into Society." She's killed her fox by falling on it.*

ELSA *trains a prize-fighter for a fashionable society milk-fund bout, in "The Lady and the Lug," but the boxer proves to be punch-drunk and lazy, so the lady finds herself training harder than he does.*

And here the versatile Elsa, who, to quote an American authority, found herself during the last World War "the mistress of tony revels in Europe," is seen as a pugilist. The sequence comes from "The Lady and the Lug."

FILM SLAPSTICK COMEDIAN ELSA MAXWELL.

PHOTOGRAPH BY H. J. WHITLOCK AND SONS.

ALADDIN JESSIE AT BIRMINGHAM.

JESSIE MATTHEWS *is Birmingham's principal boy, and plays the title-rôle in Emile Littler's "Aladdin," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre of that city, with grace, gaiety and humour. She's a delightful dancer and puts her songs over in real pantomime manner. Sonnie Hale is the Widow Twankey, and the production is both spectacular and full of good fun in classic panto. style.*

AIR-RAID SHELTERERS. No. 2.—IRENE BARTON.*

By WINIFRED DUKE. *Author of "The Laird," "Out of the North," etc.*

IN some ways, reflected Irene Barton, as she stumbled through the pitch-dark evening towards the communal shelter erected for the benefit of the inhabitants of Mavergill Mansions, the war wasn't so bad. Instead of, as hitherto, moping by herself in her bed-sitting-room, she worked at a canteen three days a week, and when the "Alert" sounded, she always went to the shelter, where she found company of a sort. Irene Barton was sixty-six, and for thirty years she had been companion to Lady Dogsthorpe, who died five weeks after celebrating her centenary. It had been confidently anticipated by Irene herself, and all Lady Dogsthorpe's circle of acquaintances, that she would be substantially remembered in Lady Dogsthorpe's will; but, alas! no will was ever forthcoming.

The will, or the absence of one, had been in a sense a boon, as it gave Irene Barton, deprived of her occupation, something to think about, something to resent, and, until the war, with its subsequent distractions, a first-rate, evergreen, undying grievance over which to speculate, grumble and ponder. Why had Lady Dogsthorpe not made a will? She was perfectly capable mentally of undertaking the task. Mr. Crabbe-Meldrum, her lawyer, continually urged that she should do so. All she had to do was to state her wishes as to her dispositions, and when these had been put into legal form to sign the document in the presence of witnesses. Little though it was, Lady Dogsthorpe declined. She had no wishes, she argued. Her next-of-kin was a widowed niece, and Nita would get everything in any case, so why will it to her? Mr. Crabbe-Meldrum murmured that there were charities which his client might care to benefit, and there was always Miss Barton.

Irene Barton overheard these conversations, invariably ending in the defeat and irate departure of Mr. Crabbe-Meldrum, because, although her employer sent her into the small boudoir off the drawing-room, the folding-doors between were never closely shut, and, being deaf, Lady Dogsthorpe obliged Mr. Crabbe-Meldrum to speak very loudly. Her pulses throbbed as she followed the lawyer's arguments and expostulations. Miss Barton ought to be provided for. Miss Barton had given Lady Dogsthorpe years of devoted service. Certainly she had been paid, but that was not the point. She would be unlikely to secure another post, and her future should be safeguarded. Mr. Crabbe-Meldrum had had two unmarried, penniless, exacting aunts like millstones round his neck for years, so he spoke out of bitter experience. Lady Dogsthorpe declined to see his point of view. Miss Barton should have saved for her old age. She had a little money of her own. In any case, she, Lady Dogsthorpe, wasn't dead yet, and she disliked the idea of her companion anticipating the event because she knew she would benefit by it. Irene Barton clenched her fists. Oh, what a maddening, obstinate, selfish old hag!

She thought vindictively of the deceased centenarian as she entered the shelter and sat down. The other dwellers in Mavergill Mansions were mostly assembled and settling to their usual occupations. Mr. and Mrs. Wapsnood, who lived above Irene Barton's bed-sitting-room, were breathing heavily over a letter which the husband was writing to the wife's dictation. Their married daughter, who lived below Irene Barton, was putting her small girl to bed in an improvised bunk, and the Glossops, brother and sister, from the ground-floor, were both reading. The caretaker's wife was making coffee. She looked up from her task to remark cheerfully: "Evenin', miss. Things a bit noisy to-night."

"I suppose one gets used to it," replied Irene Barton.

"That 's right. And we 're pretty safe down 'ere. Ain't I lucky, Miss? I got a two-pound jar o' marmalade to-day. Fancy that!"

"I don't care about marmalade myself." Irene Barton's tone dismissed the subject as she produced a book, exchanged her long-distance glasses for her reading ones, and outwardly became absorbed in "The Spy in Petunia."

"Stuck-up old hen!" Mr. Wapsnood muttered to his wife.

Irene Barton's fingers turned the pages of her novel with mechanical regularity, but her mind was far away. It pictured for her certain events occurring three years ago when, instead of her present circumscribed independence, she had been at Lady Dogsthorpe's beck and call. Considering her age, the latter was amazingly active and energetic. Clothes were her passion—clothes, for a woman in her hundredth year! She had four fur coats—a sealskin, a sable, a squirrel and a mink—but one morning over her breakfast (breakfasting in bed was the sole concession she made to her years) she informed Irene Barton that she should require the car at eleven o'clock precisely. She was going to Sturrier's, the furrier.

Irene Barton went to give the order for the chauffeur with her heart beating rather more quickly than usual. In a fortnight, Lady Dogsthorpe would celebrate her hundredth birthday. Did this visit to Sturrier's mean—could it possibly mean—that she was about to endow her companion with a fur coat as a memento of the occasion? It sounded like it. Why, otherwise, should Lady Dogsthorpe want to go to Sturrier's? She did not require an additional coat for herself.

The nebulous hope brightened the trials of the morning. When Lady Dogsthorpe, with the assistance of Irene Barton and that of her maid, had been seen through the processes of her toilet and escorted downstairs and into the waiting car, possibility became practical certainty. During the drive to the shop, Lady Dogsthorpe extolled the comfort of a fur coat and glanced pointedly at Irene Barton's navy velour, with its collar of imitation sealskin. There was nothing like fur for warmth and appearance. A good fur coat was an investment. With care it lasted practically for its wearer's lifetime. "Look at me," chuckled Lady Dogsthorpe. "My sable coat will see me out."

Sturrier's was proud of numbering Lady Dogsthorpe amongst its customers. On her arrival she was shown into the shop by the manager himself, and served by attentive assistants. Irene Barton could see her now, a bent, withered figure, seated on a red-plush settee, her short legs stuck out from under her skirt and petticoats. She demanded to be shown fur coats. Yes, a good musquash. Irene Barton's sallow cheeks flushed. A musquash coat! Surely it must be meant for her. Lady Dogsthorpe was critical and exacting. She rejected several coats, fingered others, and finally favoured the most expensive of the collection. Yes, this might do. She called sharply to her companion who was studying a model in baby seal: "Miss Barton, I want you to try this. One gets the effect better on somebody else."

Irene Barton slipped off her velour coat and inserted her arms into the silk-lined sleeves. Oh, the warmth and luxury, coupled with the incredible lightness of the delicious thing! Her chin dented the soft fur of the collar. Her meagre shoulders straightened themselves beneath the folds of musquash. Lady Dogsthorpe must intend to give it to her, but she dared not show any eagerness. "Do you like it?" she asked casually.

"It looks very well on you. Yes, Mr. Sturrier, I think I 'll take that."

Irene Barton slid off the coat, resumed her own, saw Lady Dogsthorpe through the final stages of the transaction. When the two went out to the car, the fur coat accompanied them. During the homeward drive, Lady Dogsthorpe did not allude to it, and on her arrival merely indicated the box to her maid, who carried it upstairs. Irene Barton's eyes followed it covetously. Why could not Lady Dogsthorpe give it to her at once, instead of waiting until the birthday?

Even after three years, she could still recall her sick disappointment when the great day was over and Lady Dogsthorpe, from start to finish, had not made the smallest allusion to the fur coat, much less presented it to her deserving companion. The day began with a telegram of congratulation from the King and Queen, and a few letters from such of Lady Dogsthorpe's friends and contemporaries as had survived, followed by an early visit from Nita Balcomb-Stitt, the niece and heiress-presumptive. She was a massive woman, with a cold eye, a large jointure, and an exceedingly keen look-out for her own interests. She distrusted Irene Barton and the servants, darkly suspecting each and all of "getting round" her aunt, and the only point upon which she and Mr. Crabbe-Meldrum were in entire agreement was the desirability of Lady Dogsthorpe making a will. He called during the afternoon, and was closeted with his venerable client in the drawing-room for a considerable time. Irene Barton was left to undertake the task of entertaining Mrs. Balcomb-Stitt.

"Isn't Lady Dogsthorpe wonderful?" she murmured.

"A hundred 's a good age," Mrs. Balcomb-Stitt admitted. She added candidly, "All the same, it 's tough luck on me."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Well, she 's keeping me out of the money a good long time. I could do with it. Has she made a will, do you know, Miss Barton?"

"She never mentioned it to me. Mr. Crabbe-Meldrum would know, I suppose."

"He wouldn't tell me if she had. Close as wax."

The day dragged on. A few visitors called with congratulations and flowers, and the *Daily Crier* sent a representative bearing a request for an interview. Lady Dogsthorpe consented to see him, favoured him with some lively reminiscences and her views on the world as seen by a centenarian. After tea she complained of fatigue, denied herself to any more callers, dispatched Nita Balcomb-Stitt home, and passed her usual evening of listening to Irene Barton reading aloud, or to the wireless. She went early

[Continued overleaf.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

IRISH COMEDY "SPRING MEETING" AS A SCREEN LAUGHTER-MAKER.

BASIL SYDNEY *plays James, the outspoken and autocratic butler in* "SPRING MEETING," *the screen version of the play. He's here giving advice about a ball dress to Baby* (NOVA PILBEAM) *and Joan* (SARAH CHURCHILL).

Right: James has some serious admonitions to make to Aunt Bijou (MARGARET RUTHERFORD), *the spinster aunt whose only interest in life consists of making bets.*

SARAH CHURCHILL, *daughter of the Prime Minister and Mrs. Winston Churchill, as Joan Furze, daughter and heiress of Sir Richard Furze, Tipperary hunting squire.*

James the butler is speaking very sharply to Joan (SARAH CHURCHILL) *and Aunt Bijou* (MARGARET RUTHERFORD). *He is apt at times to assume the rôle of a dictator to the household.*

Joan Furze (SARAH CHURCHILL), *heiress to Woodroofe Hall, Tipperary, is in love with Michael Byrne* (HUGH McDERMOTT), *an ex-stable lad once employed by her father.*

"SPRING MEETING," play of Irish life by M. J. Farrell and John Perry, made a big hit on the London stage, and has now been transferred to the screen by Pathé, with Margaret Rutherford in her original part, the rôle of Aunt Bijou, scatter-brained spinster with an all-absorbing interest in the Turf. The story deals with the arrival in Ireland of Tiny Fox-Collier, scheming widow who wants to marry her son to Joan Furze, heiress of her old flame, Sir Richard Furze. Things don't pan out as expected, but after a good deal of confusion, much laughter and numerous difficulties surmounted, there is a general set to partners. James, the butler, played by Basil Sydney, is the dictator of the Furze household.

Continued.]
to bed, and as she bade Lady Dogsthorpe good-night and retired to her own room, Irene Barton realised with chill disappointment that there had been no mention of the fur coat. Mean old wretch! Did she really intend it for her own use? It had been taken out of its box and hung up between its furry companions, but she had not put it on. During the weeks which elapsed between her celebrating her centenary and her death, she wore one or other of her old fur coats. The weather had turned bitterly cold. Irene Barton, on fire within, but shivering under her inadequate cloth covering, thought almost savagely of the warm, beautiful garment hanging unused upstairs in the old lady's wardrobe. Why had she bought it if she did not mean either to wear it or to give it away?

Lady Dogsthorpe caught a chill and died in a few days. After the funeral, the question of the will arose in an acute form; but where was it? Had she made one? Mr. Crabbe-Meldrum affirmed that he had neither drawn one up, seen one, nor been made aware that she ever intended to make a will, despite his advice and expostulations. Nita Balcomb-Stitt declined to believe in the existence of any will. If it existed, who had it? She took legal steps, and ultimately, as her aunt's next of kin, inherited everything. Irene Barton, within a week of the death, received notice.

Mrs. Balcomb-Stitt, although urged by Mr. Crabbe-Meldrum to do so, made no provision for her. Why should she?, she demanded. In any case, her aunt's affairs could not be settled for months, and until they were she was not in any position to subsidise Miss Barton. Ultimately she was shamed into paying her an allowance so microscopic that it was positively insulting, but Irene Barton had been compelled to accept it. She recalled the interview now. The house where she had spent so many years was on the point of being dismantled of its contents and sold. Mrs. Balcomb-Stitt mentioned the allowance and then offered Irene some souvenir of her aunt.

"I'm selling everything. Her clothes won't fetch much, except the fur coats." She opened the wardrobe door and fingered the musquash. "That's new, isn't it? How could you let her buy such a thing?"

"Lady Dogsthorpe didn't consult me."

"No? Well, I can't wear it, it's too tight."

Rage mounted in Irene Barton's meagre breast, but she kept it down. "May I have this little book-stand? She was fond of it."

"Oh, certainly. Take it now, if you like."

Mrs. Balcomb-Stitt waddled to shut the wardrobe. The last glimpse of musquash was ruthlessly hidden from Irene Barton's covetous eyes.

The thought of it haunted her as she went down the wide staircase, out of the hall-door, and along the Square. It haunted her as she waited for her bus, whilst she sat in it, wedged between a fat man and a made-up girl. It haunted her all the evening in her poor lodgings, and finally, about ten o'clock, drove her to her feet again.

She was going to have that coat. No one would know. In her possession still was the latch-key she had had as Lady Dogsthorpe's companion, and this would admit her to the house. Mrs. Balcomb-Stitt had spoken of the auction being held there in ten days' time. She herself was going abroad, she had mentioned casually, and probably the clothes would be sold together, so what did it matter if only three fur coats were available instead of four? Irene Barton went quickly and quietly back to the house, let herself in, and groped her way up the staircase. The wardrobe opened easily. She extracted the coat, put it on, and carrying her own over her arm, prepared to leave the room. . . . "You thief!"

The voice was Mrs. Balcomb-Stitt's. She had come in from an adjacent room, and of course instantly recognised Irene Barton and her errand. There was no defence. With the coat on her back she stood there, her guilt plain. Mrs. Balcomb-Stitt spoke cuttingly. "So you've sneaked in to steal that coat—my coat! Well, what excuse have you?"

Irene Barton stammered that Lady Dogsthorpe had bought it for her, intended her to have it.

"I don't believe a word of it. Why didn't she give it to you, then? Go downstairs and wait while I telephone for the police."

Irene Barton didn't wait. She ran, terrified, still wearing the coat, down the stairs and out of the house. Behind her she heard Mrs. Balcomb-Stitt struggling to work the automatic lift, installed for the late Lady Dogsthorpe's benefit, and using strong language because it jerked up so slowly to the grille on the landing.

Arrived at her lodgings, Irene Barton waited in terror. Every ring, every footstep she imagined to be the police coming to arrest her for stealing the coat. She waited a day, two days, a week, ten days. Nothing happened. Then she opened the paper and read of the tragic death of Mrs. Balcomb-Stitt. The lift had stuck half-way in its descent. In the empty house she had been unable to attract attention to her plight. No one went there till the day of the auction, when her body was discovered. The *Daily Crier* noted that she was a niece of the late Lady Dogsthorpe, who attained her centenary a few weeks before her lamented death.

Irene Barton shut her book and accepted a cup of the caretaker's coffee. Yes, it was a pity that Lady Dogsthorpe hadn't made a will leaving her an annuity and the coat. She never felt quite comfortable about wearing it, especially as she knew that that automatic lift had a trick of stopping half-way up or down. It stopped once with Lady Dogsthorpe inside, and quite two hours elapsed before they were able to get it to move. She had been late for dinner, and very much annoyed. [THE END.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCCLXXXV.

A HEADACHE FOR CONTRACT STUDENTS!

I OFTEN think that contract must be a real brain-teaser to the beginner, and indeed, to the average player, who is anxious to improve. The bidding, of course, is a standing joke. No sooner has the poor beginner firmly got hold of the notion that to make a certain bid he must hold so many quick tricks, so many winners (or so few losers), or a point count of so-and-so, than he immediately discovers that these holdings are entirely unnecessary—at times they can be cut about, watered down or shaded to such an extent that any or everyone of the bidding qualifications has vanished. All of which must "make it terribly difficult" for our poor beginner, not to say for most other contract players.

One of our leading authorities apparently has different views on this subject—at least, this is what he says: "It has always seemed strange that the more moderate players should so consistently avoid using the bid in opponents' suit. It is a simple, logical and natural bid. . . . The bid implies (1) eight winners at least if made before partner has bid; and (2) two primary controls, including one in opponents' suit." Quite so, but now read on. "Sometimes, when the combined values in the hand are exceptionally strong, the bid is made when holding one primary trick only, and a small singleton in opponents' suit (a second-round control) instead of a first-round control."

Now this is exactly the sort of thing I refer to, and the wonder to me is that the beginner, moderate or average player, does not throw his bridge books out of the window instead of looking for the simplicity, logic and naturalness of these kinds of bids. He might indeed do worse than throw his books out of the window and get on with the game according to his own common-sense knowledge of card values. The more I read about bidding systems and conventions with their variations, shadings, and exceptional cases, the more certain I feel that so far from improving the beginner's play they merely befog him and make his game worse.

Mind you, to a certain extent the same thing may be said about the play of the cards. Here, for instance, is an amusing example. You will have made a note of that very excellent rule that when you decide to play a hand by a straightforward double-ruff, you should collect your outside winners *before* starting the ruffing game. Then the next hand you play is this:

SPADES—A, Q, 8.		CLUBS—Q, 10, 9, 8, 7.
HEARTS—8, 7, 6, 5.	N	DIAMONDS—Q.
W		E
SPADES—K, Kn, 10, 9, 2.	S	CLUBS—None.
HEARTS—A, Q, 2.		DIAMONDS—A, 9, 8, 7, 6.

The contract is four spades, and West leads a heart, East plays the king and South wins with the ace. Now you, being South, see eleven tricks—two hearts, three ruffs in dummy, your own five trumps and the ace of diamonds. Sticking to the above-mentioned rule about collecting your winners at once, you promptly lead the queen of hearts. You get a shock when East ruffs and leads a trump. You are thus held down to nine tricks, as you can only make two ruffs in dummy. If only you had disregarded the rule and gone straight for the double-ruff, you must make contract. Of course, a good player, or perhaps somebody who had never read a bridge book, would have played in this way. These cases where even golden rules for the play must be set aside cannot really be compared with the innumerable exceptions to the bidding rules: at the play of the cards you plan your play by what you *see* and *know* (twenty-six cards), while the bidding is based on inference and convention, and when these are varied, so to speak, at will, then, of necessity, we get into the realms of guesswork.

SOLUTIONS OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLES, JAN. 29.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD.

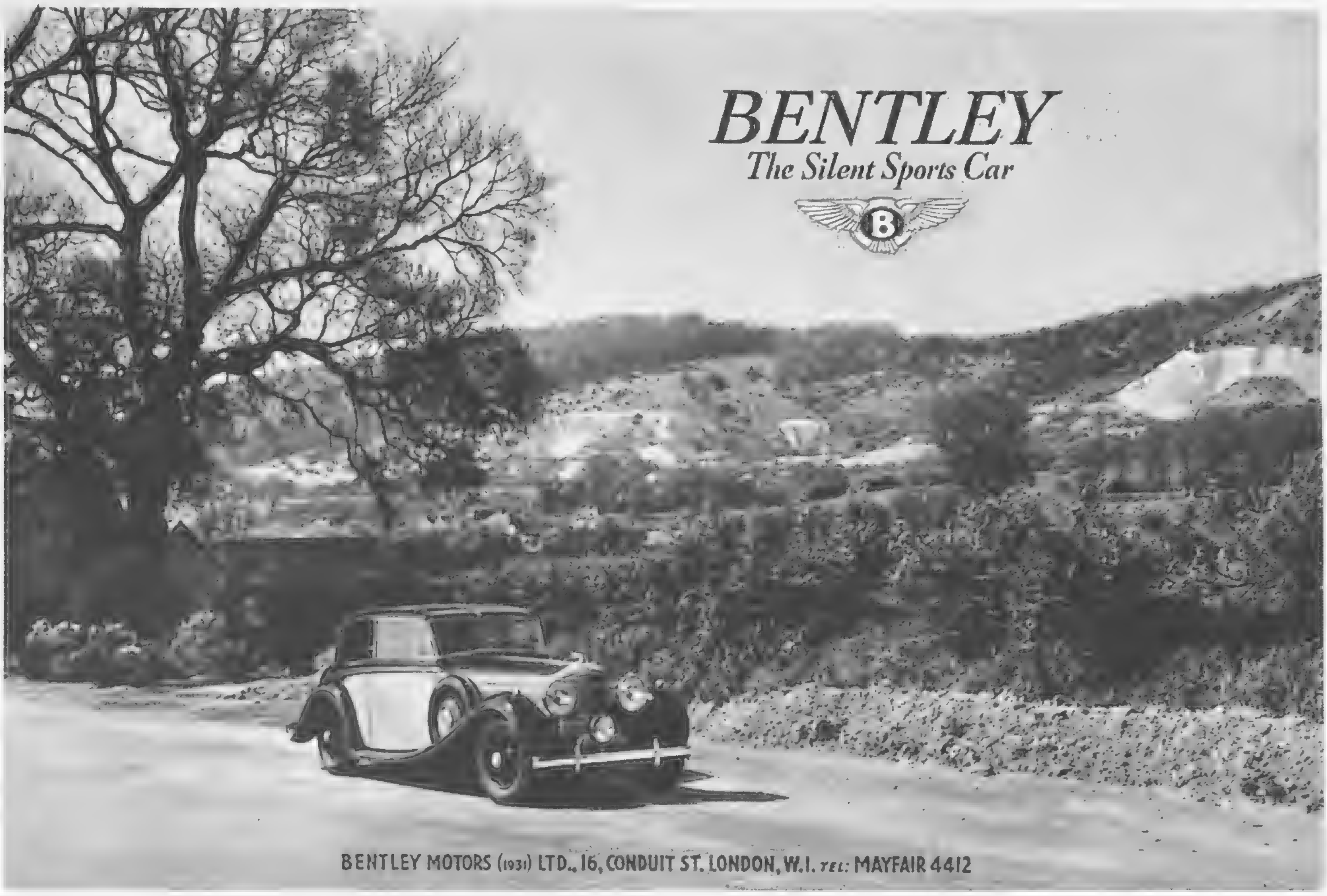
ACROSS.—5. Screw. 8. Brothers. 9. Sneer. 10. Ozone. 12. Veto. 13. Terse. 14. Rests. 16. Just a few words. 19. Actor. 21. Worth. 25. Lido. 26. Usage. 27. Devil. 28. Blank day. 29. Annex.

DOWN.—1. Abbot. 2. Robot. 3. Cheer. 4. Brave new world. 6. Canoe. 7. Eventide. 11. Newt. 15. Luncheon. 18. Oats. 20. Olive. 22. Ruins. 23. Handy.

"THE SKETCH" DIFFICULT CROSS-WORD.

ACROSS.—1. August. 4. Hardship. 9. Trumps. 10. Schooner. 12. Nominees. 13. Ampere. 15. Sine. 16. Bee-line. 19. Aspects. 21. Cure. 25. Enigma. 26. Part-song. 28. Swallows. 29. Sparta. 30. Mattress. 31. Septet.

DOWN.—1. Astonish. 2. Gourmand. 3. Supine. 5. Arch. 6. Doormen. 7. Hunter. 8. Porter. 11. Renewed. 14. Flotsam. 17. Autocrat 18. Sergeant. 20. Sampler. 22. Jetsam. 23. Dicast. 24. Staple. 27. Awls.



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WOMEN IN WARTIME

SPRING ON PARADE

EVEN in wartime, spring still brings the same feeling for new clothes—something gay and fresh-looking for the first sunny days. Margaret Marks, of Knightsbridge, has an attractive collection of suits and three-piece outfits. The dress and jacket above, in contrasting colours, are simple and practical, with the tailored look that appears so often in this season's models. For special occasions she has an ensemble in beige carioca, the cape coat trimmed with fox fur.

MORE walking, more standing, sturdier stockings—all demand shoes that are comfortable and practical. Heels are lower, toes broader, and many types are built up to give support at the sides. Individuality comes out in the colours, with wedge heels and platform soles in brilliantly contrasting shades. Sliding fasteners help to give a close-fitting line. These shoes go well with the new ribbed stockings, in lisle or wool, made in pastels as well as the usual stocking shades.

MOST of your clothes may be practical this year, but a few becoming accessories make your "off duty" times even more pleasant. Veils, flowers, feathers are still used to finish the gay, pretty hats that look so well with severely simple suits. Woollands, of Knightsbridge, suggest the flattering model on the right, trimmed with softly curling breast plumage and tied with a wide-mesh veil. If you prefer the tailored type, they have an individual version of the Breton, sweeping up and forward, held by a suède band.

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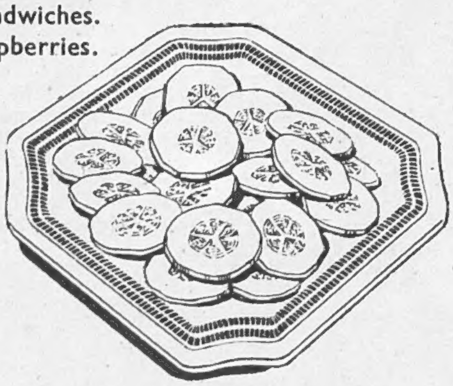

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Brussel Sprouts		1/3	
Spinach	9½d.		
Cucumber	1/6 (whole) 10½d. (sliced)		

FRUITS

	Size 1	Size 2
Raspberries, Loganberries	1/2½	2/1
Strawberries		2/1
Blackcurrants	1/6½	2/7
Gooseberries		1/0½

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CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"If you can't get one, you can get another, so what's the odds?"

"Two to one."

"On?"

"No: against my liking them as well as I like those which I can't buy."

"Human nature!" The City Editor rejoined. "Consider yourself lucky to be able to get any at all—that's my slogan. We couldn't always do that in the last war."

"Well do I remember it!" exclaimed The Merchant. "And the Blighty ones were always the best—when any did come along."

"There's generally an alternative," The City Editor pointed out. "If you can't buy one company's shares, you can find others."

"Is that so?" The Broker's tone was what the modern novel calls lightly ironical. "May I ask if you have tried to do it?"

"You can tell by the daily markings of bargains. Or can't you?"

"Sometimes you can and sometimes you can't."

"Oracular, aren't you?"

"What you may not appreciate," The Jobber told him, "is that there are a certain number of easily marketable shares——"

"Courtaulds, Dunlops, Chemicals, Imps. and Bats., Vickers, Distillers——"

"And others. You can always deal in them at close prices and in decent lines. But outside a fairly limited range of shares such as these, you find it's far from easy to do as you wish."

"As a rule," The Broker added, "you will notice that many people are the same way as yourself. If you're a buyer, the chances are that other buyers are about: when you want to sell, you're not the only pebble on the beach."

"Lines of shares must come in from deceased accounts, surely?"

"Of course they do. The jobbers rely upon that to help them in making prices. The trouble is that holders fail to decease quickly enough to suit the number of people who hanker after their shares."

"You can't expect a man to fade out simply because he happens to know the market is short of shares that he holds."

"Don't be so absurd——"

"I was endeavouring to be jocular."

"Then your joke is in very bad taste, seeing that I am not feeling over-bright this morning."

"Give him a limit in some shares that you know he can't buy," The Jobber callously suggested. "Make him run around a bit; his liver wants shaking up."

"That's not it," said The Broker. "It can't be. You try what it means to go without a telephone for a month, and see if the exercise you are compelled to take——"

"Which would you rather have?" The Engineer interrupted. "Dunlops or Courtaulds, now that they are both about the same price?"

"Dunlops," } said { The Broker.
"Courtaulds," } said { The Merchant.
"Both," } said { The Jobber.

Then all three men agreed that this was an exceptionally hard nut to crack. "I think our friend The Jobber is right," The Engineer considered. "The companies are both front rank, and their shares make front-rank investments. But most of your ordinary shares are standing too high."

The Broker emphatically denied this. "Gilt-edged stocks are artificially held up by the Government control, but ordinary shares are good because people realise the scope there will be for the companies later on."

"You can't call any ordinary shares gilt-edged, though."

"Why not? Because the dividends are not fixed? Well that's a fair argument in a way, but it's rather out of date."

"You wouldn't admit ordinary shares into the circle of trustee securities?"

"Can't say that I would. I'll give you that one. Not that it shakes my idea of the description of gilt-edged being applicable to the tip-top ordinary shares."

"Come now, Brokie!" The City Editor expostulated. "You're talking through your hat, and you jolly well know it. Do be sensible, even if you are a grandfather again."

"Oh, is the notice there?" The Broker scanned the first column. "Thank you very much," as they cried their congratulations.

"You will have to buy ordinary shares for the baby," The Engineer laughed. "Here's a good chance for putting your theory into practice. Why not Stewarts and Lloyds deferred?"

"You used to be keen on British Electric Traction," The Jobber reminded him. "Don't you remember telling us here to buy the stock?"

"Yes, but the price then was under 500, and now it's nearer 800. That makes a difference. The stock will go into four figures, but it's too high to chase it now. Savings Certificates look the goods to buy a baby."

"You could insure the baby's life, or take out an education policy."

"That's not a bad idea. I often think the insurance companies must miss a lot of business by not casting their nets more widely in the public Press."

"Their advertisements appear in a good many papers," The City Editor remarked. "You wouldn't care to see half-a-score of insurance companies advertising in *The Sketch*, for instance?"

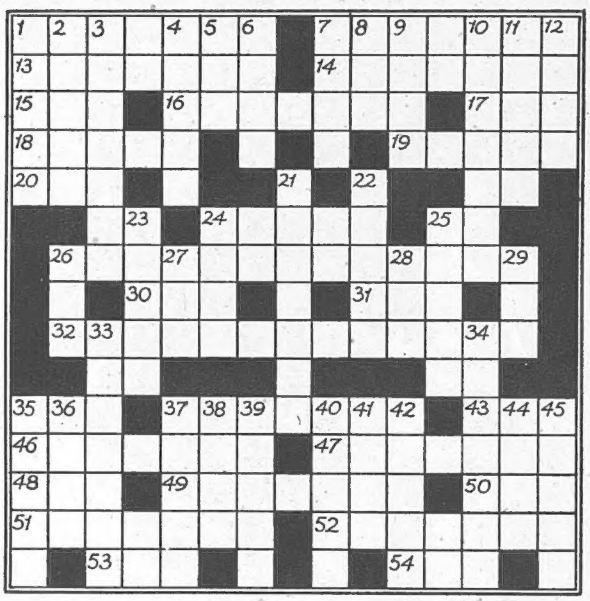
"That's where you're quite wrong. I read a paper like *The Sketch* as a sort of relief from business matters, and if I saw a page or two of insurance advertisements there, wouldn't they be certain to catch my attention?"

"They might," The City Editor acknowledged. "But touching the baby—what is the price of champagne?"

"Gentlemen," said the proud grandfather, "if you will meet me at the usual place at, say, twelve noon, we will, Hitler or no Hitler, well and truly wet that baby's head!"

Friday, Jan. 31, 1941.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD.



ACROSS.

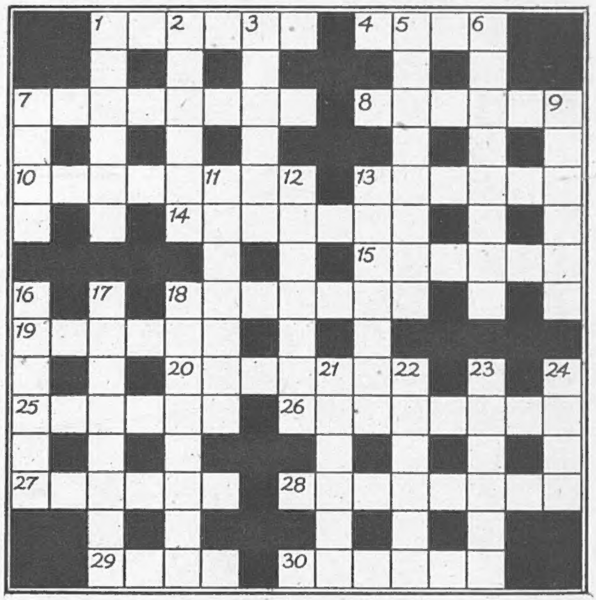
1. It alters a letter's sound (7).
7. Great effort with nothing in it (7).
13. A whale of a weapon (7).
14. Italian possession—at present (7).
15. Noted autobiography (3).
16. Goes round (7).
17. Potent fluid (3).
18. Reverse of silently (5).
19. Bibulous effect of disturbance on poets (5).
20. Vulgar vigour (3).
24. Animal (5).
26. Sumptuous book (three words; 7, 2, 4).
30. Nothing before us but debt (3).
31. Slippery customer (3).
32. Gardening of a sort fateful to 29 (13).
35. This dog is secretive (3).
37. Sell car (anag.) (7).
43. Chemist or politicians (3).
46. Australian wine (7).
47. Something to eat (7).
48. Girl that might be a help (3).
49. Aircraft (7).
50. French lake (3).
51. Wheat comes to a frosty end (7).
52. Tempter of 29 (7).
53. No good (3).
54. Salutation (3).

(N.B.—No clues are given to two-letter spaces.)

DOWN.

1. Potential peach and so less this (5).
2. Might soar into a glee (5).
3. O Dr. Dope! (anag.) (7).
4. Famed in cricket and politics (5).
5. Card game (3).
6. Models of industry (4).
7. Racy transactions (4).
8. Emotion best held in rein (3).
9. Heart of a matter (4).
10. Protective glass (7).
11. Restore (5).
12. Shaggy 24's (4).
21. Dr. Allcure's prescription (7).
22. Softer when turned to sleet (5).
23. Queen of tears (5).
24. Used at funerals (4).
25. African tribesmen (5).
26. Period (3).
27. Number (3).
28. Permit (3).
29. "Fairest of her daughters, ——" (3).
33. *Alias* Charles James (7).
34. Sounded like thunder (7).
35. Weapon suitable for adherents (5).
36. Famous beach (4).
37. Braid run wild (5).
38. He has upset the rice (4).
39. Can be cut or pickled (5).
40. Form of tenancy (5).
41. Shortened by turning (4).
42. Grim part of ship (5).
44. Project (4).
45. Religious parties (5).

"THE SKETCH" DIFFICULT CROSS-WORD.



ACROSS.

1. This boy should take care of his watch (6).
4. Flat-bottomed vessel possibly conveying milk (4).
7. Flying through the air (8).
8. Reparation for the fellows inside (6).
10. Accomplishes as the result of a disturbed life in Paris in the midst of much pain (8).
13. English poet (6).
14. "Unsoled" (anag.) (7).
15. Fiery body (6).
18. A giddy person when this brained (7).
19. Situated in North America (6).
20. So is this (7).
25. Starchy tuber (6).
26. Two facial features (8).
27. Write in the register sometimes with one "L" and here with two (6).
28. More stable as a whole (8).
29. Inclination to hearken (4).
30. A tin and a tumour give the bare answer (6).

DOWN.

1. Settle on fire (6).
2. This airwoman may grow fat on the land (6).
3. Permanent as a turnip (6).
5. *E.g.*, the man who made this puzzle (8).
6. Two kings and a rod and all on the move (8).
7. Does this man's dessert stick in his throat? (4).
9. A measure of mineral in South India (6).
11. A hot spot when it's busy (7).
12. Keep going, although we are in a bit of a mess (7).
13. Sambo hardly this himself to admit that he hasn't got this (7).
16. The bargain-hunting legislator shows us a pattern (6).
17. An idyll with divine opening (8).
18. This game usually starts with a bit of a gibe (8).
21. Pertaining to the artery (6).
22. The Terriers, though boxed in on both sides, manage to reach their object (6).
23. Half a dozen start to slander many more in the centre (6).
24. Famous river of the Great War (4).

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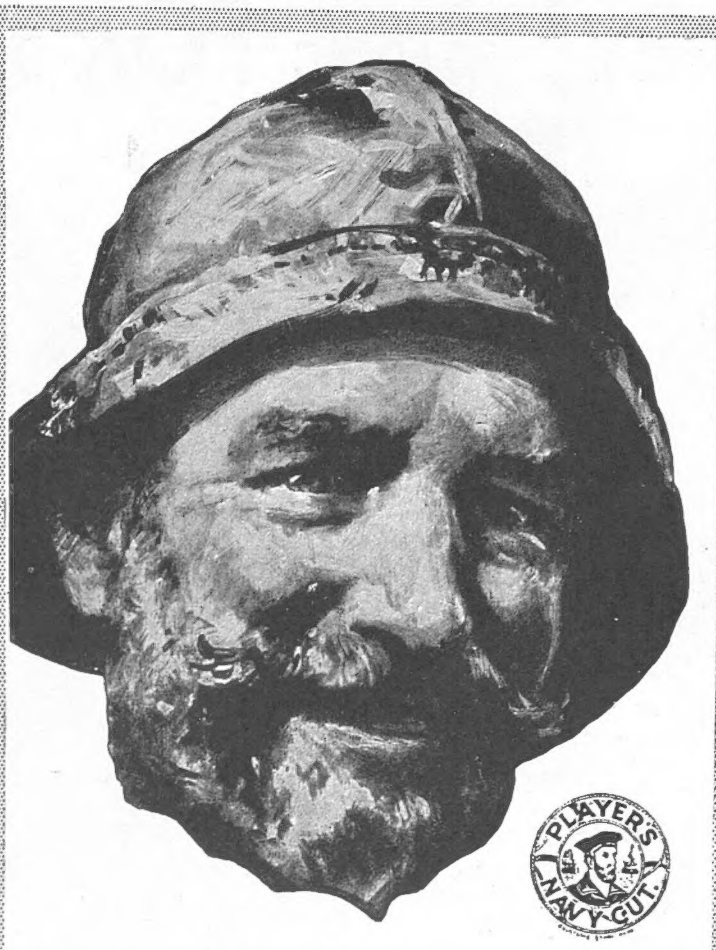

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ENJOYABLE READING FOR DULL DAYS

"Genghis Khan, the Greatest of Rulers"

Written and Illustrated by
F. Matania, R.I.

Temujin, together with his brother, Kassar, had disappeared. A track in the snow was perceived and followed by the marauders, who were confident that they would soon effect the capture of their quarry, for only the possession of fresh horses would have enabled the boys to make good their escape.

For several days, however, the pursuers were baffled; but then hunger forced Temujin to make a desperate effort to break through the lines of the enemy. Failure of his effort resulted in his capture.

Brought before the chief, he was condemned to await his sentence imprisoned in a "kang," a kind of wooden yoke which encompassed his neck and shoulders and gripped his wrists.

When darkness fell Temujin was left in a tent with one guard, and the resourceful boy decided to chance his luck rather than wait to be slaughtered like a sheep. With a sudden turn of his body he struck the guard a heavy blow on the head with the very instrument in which he himself was imprisoned. He then made for the open country. It was not easy under such conditions, hampered by the weight of the "kang," to outdistance the pursuers who were on his heels. Finding himself surrounded, he plunged into the icy water of a river. Despite the impossibility of keeping his head below water, he succeeded in escaping notice by all save one . . .

"The Quest of the Golden Fleece"
By W. E. Johns

She sighed. "I could be very, very happy—with you."

"In what part of Normandy do you live?" he inquired.

She hesitated for a moment, her eyes on his face. "Le Chateau Tourette—you know it perhaps?"

"Rather. It's quite a landmark."

"It belongs to my father."

"Really?"

"Yes, poor old man. I wonder what he's thinking now."

"I wonder," murmured Cedric.

She sighed. "If only I could see him again."

"Not much chance of that just yet, I'm afraid."

"You couldn't think of any way I could get a message to him?"

Cedric thought for a little while. "No, darling, I'm afraid I couldn't."

"I have thought about it so much. I am always thinking of it. I think there is a way, only one way—if I could get a friend to do it for me."

"Do what?"

"No—no. It isn't worth talking about. No one would do it. It's too risky." She nestled a little closer.

Cedric stroked his chin. "What was your idea, mignon?" . . .

Now read the rest of this thrilling story in the February issue

"Bride of a Lancer"
By Cecilie Leslie

The door opened abruptly, and her father stood before them, his oilskins slung limply over his shoulder, and there were smears of grease on his bald head.

"Where's your mother, Mary?" he asked, and seeing the girls, gave them an apologetic smile.

"She's in her room," said Mary casually. She looked more closely at him. "Why . . . *Father!*"

Mary ran to him, stumbling over the train of her wedding dress. Her hand touched his arm, and she drew it away feeling moisture on her palms. She looked at it bewildered: her hands were spattered with blood.

"It's nothing, nothing at all," he replied, smiling. "We had a go at them at last, the dagont varmints. . . ."

You'll enjoy this tale of Britain's unknown heroes

Also in the FEBRUARY issue:

"FIXED POST," by Arthur Mills.
"A SPOT OF LATIN," by A. M. Burrage.
"THE THINGS WE LIVE FOR," by Negley Farson.
"WAR'S SPOTLIGHT ON THESE WOMEN," by Ferdinand Tuohy.
"UNRECORDED HISTORY," by Gordon Beckles
"SHIP MODELS," by Frank C. Bowen.
"A DREAM OF MARS," by C. Patrick Thompson.
BOOKS, reviewed by Noel Thompson.
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